The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XXI SEPTEMBER, 1934 No. 9

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

VOL. XXI SEPTEMBER, 1934 No. 9

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Camping Out

By Martha Jones Barnes

It was summer in the mountains,
The sun withdrew her beams;
And the goddess of the night-time
Had prepared her happy dreams.

The lone way down to the river
Gave no hint of light or gleam
Save the faint reflected star-light
As it danced upon the stream.

Graceful birches stood in silence,
All the woodland harps were still,
Not a sound except the water
As it tumbled down the hill.

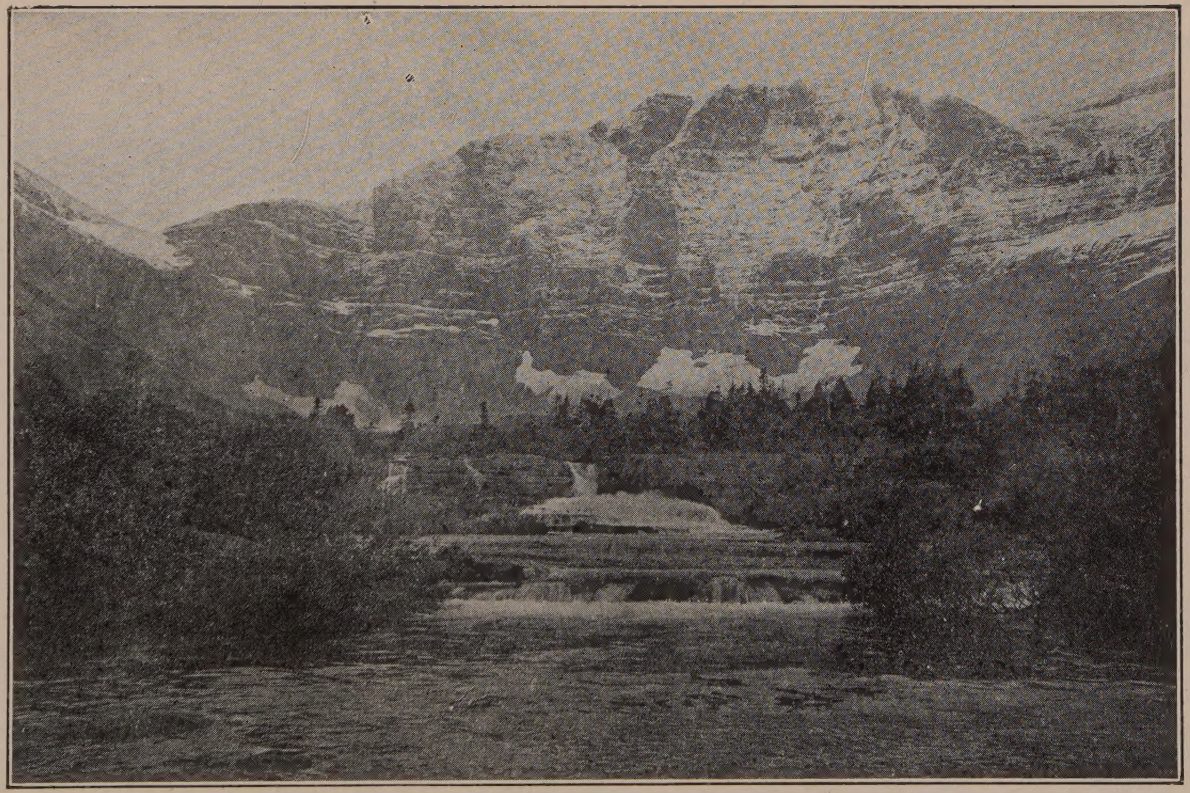
And the wood upon the campfire
Had now ceased to flare and crack,
While the sky above the hill-tops
Had been changed from blue to black.

Over head bespangled blackness
With its silver and its gold
Seemed to radiate desires
Deepest myst'ries to unfold.

And from out there in the bigness
A something seemed to fall
That is lacking from the pulpit
Or the confines of church wall.

I would say it's not the going
Or the doubtful mess of trout
That attracts the eager fisher
With the lure for camping out.

It is not the lack of comforts
Or the fry pan greased and black.
It's the cry of mother nature
As she calls her children back.



HELEN CASCADES, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK
Photo by Fred H. Kiser

The
Relief Society Magazine

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Citizenship—Responsibilities and Privileges

By Annie Wells Cannon

CITIZENSHIP is a challenge. It is a gift of the nation to its sons and daughters. Citizenship is not a natural gift, with which one is born, neither is it acquired with labor or purchased with wealth. To the native-born it comes automatically at the age of 21. To the foreign-born it is granted by expressed request after a set period of residence in this country and some knowledge of constitutional government on the part of the individual.

The status of citizenship demands more than just to be a law abiding citizen, it demands participation in public affairs. It is intelligent citizenship that proves patriotism. True, many people have rendered fine service in building community life without the privilege of the franchise, as was notably the case with the women of the nation who notwithstanding ability, loyalty and education were barred from political freedom on account of sex until 1920.

The passage of the 19th or Susan B. Anthony Amendment was indeed a challenge to the women of the United States. This challenge has been generally accepted with understanding and gratitude. Many schools and clubs have been established in order to gain correct knowledge of government, to study political science and become intelligent voters.

The responsibilities of citizenship are many, and they are grave. The good citizen accepts this fact, for thereby the best of life's privileges and its truest rewards are obtained.

IN St. Paul's Cathedral, above the monument of Sir Christopher Wren, who rebuilt London after the great fire of 1666, is inscribed this legend: "If you would see his monument, look around you." This legend may be any man's or woman's whose keen sense for honest endeavor in community welfare makes one public spirited. Scarcely a community, however small, but points with pride to the name of at least one person whose service has been outstanding in promoting some activity for the benefit of the people. As the great composer, Richard Wagner in choosing his home city, Beyreuth, in which to build his theatre and demonstrate to the world the beauty of music-drama, made that city the mecca for all music lovers, so have countless others made small and large communities famous through civic loyalty.

There is a mountain valley town in Utah, where on a public square

has been erected a monument to its first school teacher, a pioneer mother, Mary Jane Dilworth Hammond —whose services were such that she could never be forgotten.

Springville, a town set like a gem in the heart of the Wasatch mountains, has become widely known as an art center because its inhabitants have unitedly fostered and encouraged an artistic atmosphere. This town supports an art gallery and holds annual exhibits to which come hundreds of visitors and always do the town people point with pride to the pictures of their native sons and daughters whose works have become well-known. There may be seen choice pictures of Hafen, Harwood, Evans and others while in the city park are statues and fountains designed by no less an artist than Cyrus E. Dallin. As one passes along the way the home of J. J. McClellan, organist and composer, or Hannah Cornaby, poet, or others of note may be pointed out, each one a talented contributor and loyal citizen. It is due to the public spirited citizens of this town that her gifted children are remembered and the cultural, artistic and healthful beauty of the place maintained.

One might enumerate examples indefinitely to prove that happiness and success are obtained by entering the game of building up, not holding aloof or tearing down. Real thrills come through accomplishment.

THE home, that institution out of which has grown the deepest and longest experience of the human race is no longer an isolated and independent estate, even in pioneer lands. There are no more frontiers, because of modern communication and invention. Then, too, suffrage economic conditions, and educational privileges have so altered and broadened man's perspective that it has become imperative for one to have relation to, and interest in community life. There is, therefore, an almost mandatory need for cooperation to obtain the best results in the "art of living."

Today we belong to a family group, to a city or township, to a state or nation. The city or township has most to do with our health and education, the state makes the laws for our security, the nation safeguards our liberties and regulates our larger activities. In consideration of these facts a certain degree of political education is necessary to maintain proper rule and order by the people and the ballot is the power of control.

IT is inherent in every Latter-day Saint to honor and respect authority both of the Church and of the government. This people have always been taught that the Constitution of the United States is a divinely inspired instrument. The 12th article of their faith is, "We believe in being subject to kings, presidents, rulers and magistrates, in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law," or in other words we believe in being loyal citizens.

By the use of the ballot one has the power to express a choice, not only for the officers that are to govern but for the form of government one may prefer. The franchise is the voice of the people and when one fails to use that power he denies himself an inalienable right. The good citizen not only recognizes the duties and obligations of the franchise but appreciates its advantages and privileges, while the indifferent citizen may lose opportunities and frequently incurs unnecessary expense and embarrassment. This was the case of the man who lived a number of years in this country and had a family of children, before

taking out his citizenship papers. One day a census enumerator came to the door and in obtaining dates and figures discovered there were four members of the family who were over 21 years of age at the time the father became a citizen and never looking into the matter themselves, these children just assumed they were legal voters, also one of them held an elective office. When this was made known it became necessary for all four of these children to take out naturalization papers and of course the one in office was forced to retire. In this case there may have been the excuse of not understanding, but that was not so in the case of another man of foreign birth who felt he preferred the English government and refused to become naturalized. He was a prominent business man and married an American girl, who through that marriage lost her citizenship, until the Equal Rights party was instrumental within recent years to change the law. This man became a stockholder in a large business corporation and was ambitious to be one of the directors. It happened that one requirement for directorship was citizenship. Then he was greatly embarrassed, as were his children, to discover that they, too, though native born and recipients of free education in the schools, had not the right to vote. Many citizens are also careless about their registration. They let the days, set by the officers when the books are open to check on themselves, pass by, thinking, of course, "I can vote, I always do," but do they? There have been many instances when a vote has been challenged because the name has been left off the list. A very active political worker had that experience. She was ill on one election day and did not vote. In making up the lists the following year her name was left off. Had she inquired on registration day, everything would have been all right, but she had forgotten. Her vote was challenged. There was nothing she could do.

Frequently there is dissatisfaction and complaint after the party tickets are in the field. A fact which need not obtain if all citizens would realize that the Primary affords every one a choice of delegates to the convention where the candidates are named and the ticket formed. It is a salient fact, that far too often the Primary—the people's own meeting, is left in the hands of the local politician, who knows his opportunity and controls the group; consequently his delegates are at the convention, the election follows. The ticket may not be the most desirable but if not the dissatisfied parties lost their chance when they failed to attend the Primary.

TO many people public affairs, especially public office, is distasteful. At the same time a certain knowledge of the laws and ordinances is a necessity in order to carry on any kind of business or conduct one's individual affairs.

The very air we breathe, the water we drink, the milk and other food necessities, the care of waste material, and all those things pertaining to the health and safety of family and community life are more or less regulated through law and order; the more the better, the less, the more disastrous.

To see that these things are properly regulated are some of the privileges of citizenship and numerous others pertaining to the culture, beauty and pleasure of the community are within reach where citizens are aware, awake, and cooperative.

Many farms, houses, villages or towns lie where smoke or particles

from smelters or factories so poison the air that even vegetation dies. How dangerous, therefore, to the delicate organs of the human system. Water, the most vital thing in a community, is sometimes full of impurities, often wasted, and occasionally the subject of dispute, even to a point of tragedy. Milk and other food supplies unless properly inspected and cared for may be a source of epidemic or death instead of sustenance and appetizing pleasure and so on, through a list of many and varied life-giving sources, the good citizen with vision and desire for public welfare averts disaster, remedies evil, and attains the best possible conditions for himself and others.

The church is always a help in community life, because the spark of divinity which gives one faith helps to perfection in result.

The Latter-day Saint communities which are notable for the rapidity of growth and acquisition of many privileges, center almost entirely around the Church which is the motivating power both without and within and as a people one finds cooperation and enthusiasm in forwarding all the advantages and privileges of community life.

IT is a most fortunate community whose citizens seek to obtain health, education, beauty, and protection for its inhabitants; whose citizens are aware of, and care for the natural resources and study to obtain good schools, public libraries, social centers, build good roads, plant trees and gardens, have parks, public amusements and see that they are properly supervised and at the same time are aware of dangers by neglect or difficulties that may confront them. Such a community would be an Arcadia. It is not impossible, and is worth the effort. Even an approach to such a condition might be a good experiment. The person, aware of opportunities, and mindful of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship and willing to serve for the common good is the true patriot. Of such a one it may well be said, "Look around and behold his monument."

I Heard a Robin

By Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy

I heard a robin singing in an apple tree today,
Just when the sun was sending forth its first rose-tinted ray;
The honey-suckle blossom threw its scent upon the air;
All Nature seemed to join with him to banish earthly care.
His song of cheer, cheer-up, cheer-up was music, oh so sweet;
I wish you could have heard him, in that quiet spring retreat.
He may have little trials just as human beings do,
But he sings thru all his troubles, whether skies are gray or blue;

I heard a robin singing when the sun was in the West;
All day he'd labored for his mate and birdlings on the nest;
I thought if he could be so happy then why should not I
Although the sky is cloudy, 'twill be clearer by and by.
I sang a song, look up, look up, the sky is just as blue
Behind those clouds of darkness, and the word is just as true
As when 'twas spoken long ago, "He careth for his own."
"I never will forsake thee, no, nor leave thee all alone."

His Father's Son

By Ivy Williams Stone

I

EVERYTHING about the Haven farms represented permanency and stability. Between the rock fences, built by the first pioneering forebear, to the taut, barbed wire ones erected by the present owner and his two sons, there stretched wide acres of fertile, well tilled land. The weathercock on the painted barn seemed to proclaim to the world that Richard Haven was carrying on for posterity. The rock house was thick walled, substantial. Richard Haven and his father before him, and the sons he was rearing, were lovers of the soil, and strove for perfection in its fertility. The cellar was well provisioned; the panic of '93 had made little apparent effect upon their prosperity. It had become a village commonplace for one neighbor to say to another, "That is almost as well done as if Richard Haven had done it."

On an afternoon in April in '98 Richard Haven stopped his work earlier than usual and turned homeward. Already the fall wheat was beautifully green with promise; the potatoes were all planted, the new lambs were in a sheltered pasture, and the whole farm seemed blossoming. But the pastoral peace of his possessions did not strike an answering chord in the soul of Richard Haven. True, Richard, the firstborn, and Oliver, the second son, had finished proving up on their adjoining homesteads, which meant many additional acres of good land. They were dependable, dutiful sons, but clouds of war were hovering over the nation. Surely the President could not tolerate the depredations of the Spaniards upon the long suffering Cubans much longer. In the name of humanity, the American nation would have to rise to the defense of the weak; Utah would respond; the Haven boys would respond; and Father Haven would be the first to urge their enlistment. Still, the outcome of any war service is problematical and Richard Haven, alone on his front porch, struggled within his own soul over the conflict of loyalty and paternal love.

As he sat thus, Oliver came driving the fine herd of registered dairy cows up from the pasture. Esther, the foster daughter whom they had reared from infancy, went out to open the gate for him. What a wonderful girl she was! Even now her jellies rivaled mother's; her bread was the talk of the village. In a pinch she could milk or harness the horses to the surrey. And Richard Haven had no doubt that when the county fairs got organized Esther's quilts would take all prizes. Truly she had been as a daughter in the family. If war came and both sons could be spared to return, and one of them would marry Esther, life would indeed be kind to the Havens!

Presently Richard came in from the field, driving the plow team. Heavy purebred Clydesdales that they were, they recognized their master in this sturdy, erect young Haven scion. Richard's dark hair lay in wet curls on his forehead, his olive skin glowed with the pleasure of a day full of honest toil. When

the milking and the separating were over, he would eat a bountiful supper with his parents, his brother Oliver and the foster sister Esther; then he would retire to a long night of well earned, restful slumber, undisturbed by the clouds of monarchial abuse which were devasting the little island in the Atlantic. If he dreamed at all, it would be of the fair haired, youthfully beautiful Kareen who lived with her guardian in the last house in the village. Funny people, Richard thought as he fed and bedded the horses and turned toward the house; so different from the other villagers. Too much money to begin with and not enough to do. *Duenna,* as they all called her, ought to make Kareen learn to work, as Esther did, instead of running unrestrained over the village, trying to play on other people's organs and pianos. If they had so much money why didn't they get her a musical instrument of her own? But she was beautiful, and young, and could be taught!

At the supper table Mrs. Haven produced the day's mail, as was the usual custom. Headlines of the paper blazed that *War was declared!* The President had called for volunteers! Richard Haven glanced from his wife to Richard; from Richard to Oliver. Mental telepathy flashed from the four Havens to each other. Words were unnecessary. Only Esther, the fondling, turned pale with fright and dropped her fork clattering onto her plate.

"I'm glad the crops are all in," Oliver spoke in calm, even tones, befitting the dignity of his family.

"We'll be back for harvest," added Richard, "and the ditches and levees are ready for irrigating. "I believe you can run the farm alone 'till we're back, father. It won't take very long to whip those Spaniards."

"I will take your places!" cried Esther, glad for the chance to find relief in words. "I know how to turn the water over the fields, and I can milk. It'll take all my time, and I guess I'll just put my quilts away till you're back." She gulped and fought for self control. As Kareen found joy in singing and improvising melodies on borrowed organs, so Esther lived for the joy of watching quilts take form under her skillful needle.

"There, there, Esther child," soothed Mrs. Haven, "we'll manage somehow. How did you get along at Kareen's house this afternoon?" Mrs. Haven's face showed no sign of wartime emotion.

"I went down to Kareen's house to trade quilt pieces," replied Esther. "Leastwise, I thought I might be able to. I need some bright red to finish my 'Wild Rose quilt,' and I thought perhaps they might have some they would trade for the extra blue I have. I hadn't ever been in their house before, and I guess I won't be going again soon. Mrs. *Duenna* said—"

"The word duenna means 'guardian for a young girl'," explained Mr. Haven. "It is not her true name. But she is honest and law abiding with us and is a true convert to the faith. There is none in the village who pays a prompter tithing. We must respect her secrecy."

"Well," added Esther, "Mrs. Duenna said that people of Kareen's rank did not stoop to quilt making. That it was a peasant occupation. She kept me standing. When I started to sit down she said, 'wait until Kareen tells you you may sit,' so I started home," added Esther with a touch of self sympathy, "bringing my blue quilt blocks with

me. When I got down by that big clump of wild roses which border the land, Kareen jumped out at me, a roll of red silk in her hand. It was the most beautiful red I had ever seen. All new, whole cloth! Kareen said, 'Esther, I'll give you all of this, if you'll let me come to your folks house every day and play that wonderful piano in your parlor! And you mustn't tell her,' pointing her hand back toward their house. 'She won't let me play or sing; and if I can't do both I'd just as soon die right now'."

"Poor child," muttered Mrs. Haven, "she is welcome to come and practice, for the piano merely stands idle. Kareen has a wonderful voice. I heard her singing out in the pasture the other day."

"You must not deceive," Richard Haven spoke sternly. "If Kareen practices on our piano, it will be with the consent and knowledge of her guardian. You return the silk cloth to her in the morning." On the trivial matter of two yards of silk cloth, Richard Haven had spoken more fully than over the declaration of war.

"I'll bring you some quilt cloth from Cuba, Esther," whispered Oliver, and Richard Haven junior spoke with a vehemence that disturbed his mother.

"And I'll bring Kareen something to play on! I can't bring a piano or an organ, but I'll get her a mouth organ, or a jews harp, or a violin, or even maybe one of those native made, funny looking things, they call 'sweet potatoes'! I don't know who her parents are, or why that lady brought her here, but I do know the girl isn't to blame. If it's a sin for her to make music, it's a shame to keep her doing nothing!"

"She wants to come to choir practise, but she can't,' added Esther.

"If it's a sin for her to make music," repeated Richard Junior, "they ought to teach her to do worthwhile things, like cooking and sewing and preserving. Idle hands won't do her no good."

THE next day the "trotting mare" was harnessed to the surrey and the entire family drove to town where the sons enlisted as volunteers for "the duration of the war." The little county seat was crowded with excited men. They drew together in little groups, their faces grave and anxious. The Monroe Doctrine had been violated. The down trodden little island of Cuba was not unlike the thirteen original colonies that had fought for independence from mother England. There were broken wisps of talk about a man from New York named Roosevelt who was determined to get into the fray. He was gathering sturdy, hardened men from all over the union to join his company.

"Seems to me," Richard Haven's quiet voice always had a respectful audience, "that our government's woolen uniforms will be plenty warm for our boys in that island. It's warmer there than here."

Mother Haven shopped to conceal her real feelings. It was no use wasting an opportunity when once you got to town. A hardware store displayed new brushes for cleaning the stubborn disks of the separator. At the sight of them Esther's eyes brightened. Mrs. Haven also purchased new brooder pans for the incubator. "We'd best be hatching lots of eggs, Esther child," she added, "there'll be good markets for all farm produce this year."

Their errands over, the Haven family turned homeward. Even if the sons were subject to war call, cows must be milked and horses fed.

As the surrey stopped in the backyard, the sound of music floated to their ears. Unmistakably the music was coming from the Haven piano!

"Whoa," cried Richard in stentorian tones. Immediately the music stopped. From the low porch window there literally tumbled the disheveled form of a young girl, clad in finer clothes than Esther had ever owned, her head crowned with a wealth of flowing curls. Without stopping to explain her presence she ran swiftly toward the side gate, and on to the main road.

THAT night Oliver lingered on the back porch and turned the separator for Esther. "Esther," he said diffidently, "I ain't much for love making or fancy speeches. But before I go to this war, I want you to know I'll be hoping to marry you when I get back."

"I'll be hoping to marry you too, Oliver," whispered Esther in return. "I'll do the best I can to care for the farm. I got thirteen quilts now, so if I don't get to make more while you're gone, they'll start us out."

"I brought you some red stuff," added Oliver. "Don't know whether it is as good as that Kareen offered you, but it's *red.*"

TWO weeks later the news of Dewey's victory at Manilla swept over the nation, and immediately the volunteers were called for service. There was a farewell party in the school house with patriotic speeches and songs; laughter and tears. Oliver kissed Esther at the station, while the eyes of Richard Haven roamed expectantly over the little audience of kindly neighbors and friends. As the train pulled in, his vigilance was rewarded. Down the road came a wild whirl of color, crowned by yellow curls; and the impetuous Kareen dashed into the little group, breathless and star-eyes.

"Duenna wouldn't let me come to the farewell, cause there was music," she cried, "but I ran away!"

Without more explanation she sprang upon a pile of wool sacks on the platform and sang in clear ringing notes:

"Dewy was the morning,
Dewy was the day,
Dewey was the admiral
Upon that day in May!"

(To be continued)

A Camp After a Storm

By Weston N. Nordgren

The campfire gleams—
A dull red glow
Reflects the sighing breeze.
A whiff of cedar wood-smoke comes
Assailing our nostrils—
A smell of rain hangs from the trees.

The clouds have passed—
The brilliant moon,
In silvered vapor tresses,
Hangs amid the stars—
A beauteous queen
As everything she blesses!

The earth, new-soaked
With pure and cleansing rain;
The smell of ozone in the atmosphere;
The tautened canvas of the tent;
The smoke from sodden ashes;
The leafy mold, so brown and sere.

And Nature rules—
Our God of Love is nigh;
Rise up, ye civilized one!
O'ercome temptations of the flesh!
In yonder canyon dawns the rosy morn.
New life awakens, and the day's begun!

Joseph Smith

By James L. Barker

IV

How does the Roman Catholic Church today regard the use of force to compel the acceptance of doctrine?

Though free agency was recognized as God-given, its exercise was forbidden and an attempt made by force to nullify it.

But what of the Catholic Church today? Does the Church today condemn, condone, or does it defend this attempt? Let the following answer:

"It was a very heavy burden of responsibility—almost too heavy for a common mortal—which fell upon the shoulders of an inquisitor, who was obliged, at least indirectly, to decide between life and death. The Church was bound to insist that he should possess, in a pre-eminent degree, the qualities of a good judge; that he should be animated with a glowing zeal for the faith, the salvation of souls, and the extirpation of heresy; that amid all difficulties and dangers he should never yield to anger or passion; that he should meet hostility fearlessly, but should not court it; that, when circumstances permitted, he should observe mercy in allotting penalties; that he should listen to the counsel of others, and not trust too much to his own opinion or to appearances, since often the probable is untrue, and the truth improbable. . . History shows us how far the inquisitors answered to this ideal. Far from being inhuman, they were as a rule men of spotless character and sometimes of truly admirable sanctity, and not a few of them have been canonized by the church."[53]

We forget the men who died for conscience sake in our deep sympathy and undying admiration for the inquisitors, not a few of whom "have been canonized by the church."

However, in as far as it was successful in the attainment of its official purpose, the inquisition "nullified free will" and tended to destroy the very foundation of all true ethical and religious life. If the practice of voting approval of the bishops, etc., and of voting approval of important pronouncements, had still been in vogue, such bulls would have been impossible. The people would not have voted their own burning for the "crime" of a conscientious difference of opinion. The Church would have excluded "heretics" from its membership, but there the matter would have ended.

"Popular participation in doctrinal definitions" is not necessary to "prevent officials from 'compelling' the consciences of the people." In the L. D. S. Church today, the people are not asked to "define" doctrine, and they never have been; and in the historical Catholic Church had they been asked to approve doctrine as in the L. D. S. Church today and their right to approve or disapprove—to accept or reject—doctrines and officials had been recognized, there would have been no "compelling of the human conscience." And I repeat: "Whatever machinery the Primitive Church pos-

[53]The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. VIII, pp. 30. 31.

sessed—voting to approve their bishops, etc.—that might have prevented the compelling of the human conscience, the Catholic Church has lost, and I know of no machinery it has either invented or restored to take its place."

How does the Catholic Church now regard heresy and forcible measures taken to suppress it?

"In the first place, nearly all ecclesiastical legislation in regard to the repression of heresy proceeds upon the assumption that heretics are in wilful revolt against lawful authority, that they are, in fact, apostates who by their own culpable act have renounced the true faith into which they were baptized, breaking the engagements made by them, or by sponsors in their name, when they became members of the Church of Christ. It is easy to see that in the Middle Ages this was not an unreasonable assumption. The Church of God was then indeed a city set on a hill. No one could be ignorant of her claims, and if certain people repudiated her authority it was by an act of rebellion inevitably carrying with it a menace to the sovereignty which the rest of the world accepted. This at least was the case with the Cathari, the Waldenses, and the Albigenses, with the Lollards and the Hussites, and it was still the case with the immediate followers of Luther, of Calvin, of Knox, and of the other early Reformers."

"Every lawfully constituted society must put down on principle the propagation of such sedition as threatens its own existence, and this is *not persecution* so long as reason and humanity are respected in the *means of suppression employed* (italics mine)."

"Persecution begins when no reasonable proportion is observed between the *force used in compulsion* and the importance and power of the interests which it is sought to control. To determine the exact point at which *legitimate repression* passes into persecution is hence a matter of extreme difficulty (italics mine)."[54]

The above does not contemplate a simple "definition" of doctrine only, but "force used in compulsion" and "legitimate repression" to compel its acceptance. Circumstances permitting, it would justify all the horrors of the inquisition.

Doctrine may be defined, but it is wrong to try to force people to accept it.

Monsignor Hunt writes in the *Intermountain Catholic*: "If Professor Barker's words mean anything, they mean that there can be no authoritative definition of doctrine. According to him, it is wrong for Church authority to declare that a doctrine is true; to do so, interferes with freedom. On this principle, it can make no difference whether the defining authority be one man, a group of men, or a majority of the people. The moment the teaching authority announces that a particular doctrine is true and that the contrary is false, that moment according to Professor Barker, a grave injustice is committed."

Where does the Relief Society Magazine article say anything justifying the statement "that there can be no authoritative definition of doctrine" or "that it is wrong for Church authority to declare that a doctrine is true; to do so, interferes with freedom" or, that by defining doctrine, "a grave injustice is committed"? It nowhere says anything of the kind.

[54]The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. XIV, p. 761.

The principle of common consent, the practice of ascertaining the wishes of the people, was repudiated and force used. The continuity of the Church was broken.

Monsignor Hunt wonders if I "would go on record to the effect that the Church continued to enjoy full authority, assured by the presence of the Holy Ghost, as long as popular approval was given to clergy appointments." There is no reason for believing that "full authority (was) assured by the presence of the Holy Ghost" after they had denied that he had been promised to the people, and after the people had ceased to experience the "witness" of the Holy Ghost as they had experienced it in the Apostolic age.

When the Church ceased "to enjoy full authority" would not be determined alone by popular approval . . . given to clergy appointments," but by the importance and number of other changes as well. One may well agree with the Catholic Encyclopedia:[55] "It may be safely said that the continuity of a society is broken when a radical change in the principles it embodies is introduced. In the case of a church such a change in its hierarchical constitution and in its profession of faith suffices to make it a different church from what it was before. . . . When, therefore, the truths previously held to be of faith are rejected, and the *principle of government* (italics mine) regarded as sacred is repudiated, there is breach of continuity, and a new church is formed." The Catholic Encyclopedia applies this reasoning to show that the protestant churches can not be a continuation of the Primitive Church. The same reasoning applies to the Catholic Church. To apply it in only the one particular under discussion: The principle of common consent was practised in the Primitive Church as in the L. D. S. Church today. It safeguards the exercise of free will, itself indispensable to the exercise of all true ethical and religious life. It is fundamental. The Catholic Church did away with the practice of common consent and made a long sustained, persistent effort to stamp out heresy by force, to "nullify the exercise of free will," to destroy the one necessary condition of a religious life, and the Catholic Church still defends its course. The continuity of the Catholic Church with the Primitive Church has been broken and a new Church—not based on free will, but on constraint and anathema—has come into being.

The fact that Joseph Smith restored the application of the principle of common consent, safeguarding the exercise of free will, is strong evidence of his quality of prophet.

Comparative proof, criticized by Monsignor Hunt, is approved both in theory and practice by Catholic writers of repute.

Monsignor Hunt is of the opinion that I "cannot resist the impulse to indulge in a little abuse," because I affirm that "A Catholic or Protestant may be a candidate for the ministry, prepare for it, and aspire to the highest honors in the gift of the Church. Any priest or pastor may perform his ministry from sincere devotion to Christ or, on the other hand, theoretically, he may do it as a means of livelihood, just as his brother, to gain a living, may become a lawyer. . . . The Catholic and the Protestant Churches have lost the safeguard of sincerity (unpaid service) established by the Savior, and have found nothing perhaps to take its place."

[55]The Catholic Encyclopedia, vol. III, p. 757.

In this statement, I am not judging any individual, but pointing to a weakness in the churches.

Monsignor Hunt objects to my "criticising" the Catholic Church. The "critcism" results from the comparison of the latter-day Church, the Catholic Church, the Protestant Churches, and the Primitive Church. Nevertheless the method of comparison ("criticism") to which Monsignor Hunt objects is approved both in theory and practice by Catholic writers when expounding their own faith. In speaking of the "marks" of the true church alleged by the Catholic Church, the author of the article "Iglesia" in the Enciclopedia Universal Ilustrada, vol. 28, p. 926, says: "Moreover the proof furnished by the marks may be two-fold: positive and exclusive or *comparative*. . . . With all this, for the greater clarity and force of the demonstration, let us verify the marks *comparatively,* verifying the fact that all of them are found in the Roman Catholic Church and *that none of them are found in the dissenting churches* (italics mine)." Eminent Catholics apply this theory constantly, comparing what they consider the truths of the Catholic Church with what they condemn as errors in the contrary beliefs of other churches. Why should not all men, untrammelled by "Indexes" or other prohibitions, prove all things and adhere to that which is best?

No professional paid ministry in the Primitive Church. The Twelve were undoubtedly supported by the faithful, but the great mass of Church workers were unpaid. No one could be a candidate for the ministry or for advancement.

The thing that matters then is: Is the comparison accurate?

In the Primitive Church, had Peter and the other apostles been candidates for the ministry? Or could anyone be a candidate for the apostolate or even for the office of a bishop? In all of the historical churches, a man may prepare and be a candidate for the ministry. In the latter-day Church, as in the Primitive Church, one may not be a candidate for the ministry.

Monsignor Hunt states that St. Paul "stated that Christ had commanded that the clergy should be supported by the people. His words are clear: 'Know ye not, that they who work in the holy place, eat the things that are of the holy place; and they that serve the altar, partake with the altar? So also the Lord ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel."

In the Primitive Church, as now, the priesthood had the right to use the revenues of the Church for their own support or otherwise, as directed by the Holy Ghost. But then, as today, all men considered worthy received the priesthood, and the greater part of all religious service was performed without pay. A professional salaried priesthood did not exist in the early Church.

"As to the rhetoricians and philosophers one has no idea to what a degree Christianity set them on edge. In it they saw competition. The direction of souls, for which, in the time of the wise emperors, they believed indeed that they had received a special calling, they now saw pass into the hands of obscure preachers without titles or revenue, without instruction even."[56]

In the R. S. M. article, I referred to the transition in the church from this unpaid priesthood to a professional ministry. Of this change, Harnack[57] says: "Soon after the cre-

[56]Duchesne, Histoire Ancienne de l'Eglise, pp. 199, 200.

[57]History of Dogma, vol. 1, p. 130.

ation of a professional priesthood, there also arose a class of inferior clergy. . . . This development was not uninfluenced by the heathen priesthood, and the temple service." And: "We may perhaps say that the development that made the bishops and elders priests altered the inward form of the Church in a more radical fashion than any other."[58]

As we have seen, although all those accounted worthy were given the rank of elder in the priesthood in the early Church, no one could be a candidate for advancement, and there was no rigid division between priesthood and laity, since all the faithful would at some time or other receive the priesthood.

After the resurrection of Jesus, the saints had all things in common, still later they had, it seems, a voluntary system of tithing which, in the course of time, became in some cases a compulsory tax.

"During the first two centuries the church service was reduced to the greatest simplicity. As to the ministers of the religious service, they lived from the common funds, doned their patrimony in order to live solely from the altar. Those who had not made a profession of renouncing their patrimony were understood thereby to have renounced their share in the ecclesi- with the poor.[59] Many had abanastical distribution, and they placed the upkeep of the poorest to the charge of the rich clergy. Not a few, following the example of St. Paul worked with their own hands. In a word, 'The ecclesiastical patrimony was absolutely not to be distinguished from that of the poor'."[60]

[58]History of Dogma, vol. 1. p. 131.

[59]Didache xii; Funk, Patres apost. 1, 30-32.

[60]Mourret, Les Origines Chretiennes, p. 270.

The great mass of churchworkers were unpaid, and the work of the church was performed in the early church with the same guarantee of sincerity, as today.[61]

Test of the sincerity of the missionary.

The Didache[62] says: "Let my prophet coming to your house be received as the Lord. But let him remain one day only, and if it is absolutely necessary two days only, but if he remains three, he is a false prophet. In departing, let the apostle receive nothing, unless it be bread to reach the next station. If he asks for money, he is a false prophet." This is rigid, but it tested the sincerity of the "prophet."

"In the Church founded by Joseph Smith, the sincerity of the members is tested by the unpopularity of the church and by tithing; and the work of the priesthood with the exception of a few is entirely unpaid (in exact correspondence with the usage of the Primitive Church); the sincerity of all those

[61]Eusebius, Ecclesiastical History, V, xxviii, 10:

"These were both disciples of Theodotus the cobbler, who was first excommunicated by Victor, who, as I said, was then bishop, for this way of thinking, or rather of not thinking. Natalius was persuaded by them to be called bishop of this heresy with a salary, so that he was paid a hundred and fifty denarii a month by them."

Note of the translator, Kirsopp Lake: "That is rather more than £5. This is the first clear instance of the payment of bishops, but compare ch. xviii, 2."

Ch. xviii, 2:

"Then he goes on saying: 'Does not all Scripture seem to you to forbid a prophet from receiving gifts and money? Therefore when I see that the prophetess has received gold and silver and expensive clothes, how shall I refrain from blaming her?'"

[62]Didache, ch. xi, v. 3, presumably 80-100.

who receive some remuneration has been previously tested over a period of years by the payment of tithing and unpaid service in the church. Further, why be insincere? It is impossible for anyone to be a candidate for an office or to seek advancement and, if advancement comes, it brings only opportunity for more unpaid service. Thus by removing all selfish main-springs of action—desire for gain, ambition—sincerity has been safeguarded on every side. Without sincerity, religion is a vain word; but outside the Church, no religious organization has any machinery for adequately testing it."[63]

[63]Article in November *Relief Society Magazine*.

The cumulative evidence of the divine calling of Joseph Smith.

The fact that the Church has the same tests of sincerity as in the Primitive Church; that it harmonizes and illuminates what is known concerning the organization and customs of the Primitive Church; that it secures unity through the direction of the Holy Ghost, reconciling the contradictory principles of authority and the liberty of the individual; and that it clarifies historical details otherwise obscure—this cumulative evidence is the strongest kind of proof of the divine calling of Joseph Smith.

Fifty-Fifty

By Delphia H. Cragun

IT was noon at the Boyd farm-house. Preparations were well in hand for the big meal of the day—dinner.

The old Boyd farm-house was a large, square, frame building, which nestled in the family orchard. It was the climax to a long struggle for Mr. and Mrs. William Boyd, especially Mrs. Boyd who had sacrificed for twenty-five years in order that this wonderful house might be built. Most of the large family of fifteen boys and girls had already married and had homes of their own. Mrs. Boyd lived only two years after the building was completed, just long enough to make new rugs and linens, carpets and curtains to meet the needs of such a home, and lastly to see her two youngest children married and move away.

After Mrs. Boyd's death, Mr. Boyd still looked upon the home as his crowning glory, and was soon casting his glances about to find a new wife to care for his needs and especially the home.

Mr. William Boyd was a kindly old gentleman, but in him were rooted the traditions and usages of a long line of English ancestors. His small stature and comely mien belied his conduct in his home, for wasn't he truly the head of the house? Weren't all questions of import decided by him? This day was no exception for he left the field early and came to the house to set the good wife, Mahala, and his home in order.

Mahala was a short, stout, red-haired woman, who had only recently come from England. She had lived forty-five years in single blessedness and then by some queer coincidence had met Mr. William Boyd who had only recently become a widower. After meeting Mahala, Mr. Boyd had made quick work of their courtship and Mahala married him for better or worse. *She* explained she was getting along in life and needed a home. *Mr. Boyd* explained he was sadly in need of a house-keeper to take care of the home. The neighbors had their explanations, also; many and varied were the excuses for Mr. Boyd's marriage. Some said he was so lonely, and they were sure his wife wouldn't want him to live alone in the big house; and besides, he would make this poor lonely old maid a good husband. Another said that he should have waited, at least a year, before marrying. And others felt it would have looked better if he had married the widow Hillcrest. One was sure that Mr. Boyd couldn't be in love with Mahala and that it was merely a business transaction. However, the fact remained that Mr. William Boyd had proclaimed his love to Mahala, and that they were united in the holy bonds of matrimony.

WHEN Mr. Boyd came in from the field, he found Mahala rushing madly around the kitchen in her haste to prepare the dinner. Her face was scarlet, her hair, somewhat ruffled, and her feet were tired and sore. She did not greet him with the usual good-natured smile, for she had been meditating on what had happened during the two months she had been Mrs. William Boyd. She reflected that Mr. Boyd had been very profuse in bestowing endearing

terms upon her; had even gone so far as to refer to her as mistress of her own little home, but in reality she was just a servant with never a minute to call her own. It is true Mr. William Boyd had a wood-pile back of the shed about a half-mile from the house, but Mahala carried the wood from the wood-pile to the house; the well was out in the garden where the old home had been, and Mahala carried many, many buckets of water to supply the home, and this unassisted by anyone.

Mahala had been married three weeks when an Interurban Railroad project was launched and the men who were working near by had asked for board and lodging. This Mr. Boyd graciously offered them and just as graciously took the money without so much as handing Mahala one penny. At first Mahala had given this very little thought, but when she needed a dollar or two and she had to ask her husband, William, for it, it had set her thinking and thinking. However, she could not devise any definite plan of action.

It was while Mahala was in this frame of mind that Mr. Boyd made his appearance.

"Well, Mahala, my darling, what seems to be wrong with you, my lass?" said William after noting Mahala's changed attitude.

"Oh, I'm a bit tired and weary. There seems to be so much to do," replied Mahala.

"I'm surprised you are tired after having such a good night's rest. You never have any wood to chop and the garden and well are near by. At least they are no farther than would serve to get you out in the fresh air. I buy all the groceries and household needs, and I'm sure you should be grateful for that," said Mr. Boyd.

At this moment, there was a knock on the door and Mr. Boyd hurried to answer the same. To his great surprise and gratification he stood face to face with the superintendent of the new railroad, Mr. Billings, who was there for a day's inspection of the road. He asked to speak to the lady of the house. Mr. Boyd assured him he could act in his wife's stead, for she was very busy at that moment preparing the men's dinner. However, Mr. Billings insisted and Mahala came shyly to the door.

"Mrs. Boyd, I am Mr. Billings, the superintendent of the new railroad. I came to ask if you would mind if I have dinner here today. I realize you have not had time to prepare extra, and I hope my having dinner with you will not inconvenience you."

"Why, it's perfectly all right with me, but I'll have to ask my husband," said Mahala. "He always decides such as that."

"Well," said Mr. Billings, "if *you* are willing, I shall consider it all right with Mr. Boyd. After all, you are the one who does the cooking and serving; so, I'll go back to the men and will come to dinner with them."

As Mahala entered the kitchen, Mr. Boyd said, "And what did the grand gentleman have to say to you?"

"Oh, he asked if he might have dinner here with the men today, and I said he might."

"Don't you think it would have looked a bit better if you had said, 'I'll ask my husband'?"

"That is exactly what I did say but he assured me that if it was all right with me, that no further arrangement was necessary."

There was no more time for argument, so each set about his work. Mr. William Boyd, as usual, was checking up on his wife while she

did the work. He casually noted there would have to be another place at the table, which Mahala arranged.

At this moment, twenty-one hungry men, including the superintendent, were hastening down the hill toward the Boyd home. They were met by the gentle breezes, laden with the savory odors of roast-chicken, potatoes, peas, corn, rolls and lemon pie, all of which quickened their pace. Mahala was an excellent cook, although her husband often explained to her that he thought she might get along with a little less on her menu, and that the food was served a bit too dainty; the men ate more than if the food were of a coarse type. Mahala heard his complaints but was still of the firm conviction that her meals were the kind the men enjoyed, and she continued to serve food fit for a king.

SOON all was in readiness and the men rushed in, washed, and were seated at the table. Mr. William Boyd gave the orders and Mahala carried them out, but it seemed to him, not so willingly as before. He boasted to Mr. Billings of his wonderful home, the farm, and everything in general; not forgetting to mention the most excellent meals he served. The conversation shifted from one group to another and finally dessert was served, and dinner was over.

One of the foremen rose and to the utter astonishment of Mr. Boyd suggested they give Mrs. Boyd nine cheers for her excellent meals; after which they asked her if they might stay still longer, although the work was shifting some distance away. At this moment Mahala felt her whole being tingle, and she felt as she had never felt before; that she really was an individual apart from Mr. Boyd. She told them that they might stay longer, without so much as thinking to ask her "Lord and Master," who at that moment was looking very worried and chagrined.

It was the week end and pay day, so Mr. William Boyd drew a pad and pencil from his pocket and prepared to check up the board and room, but no one seemed to notice him. Mr. Billings stepped forward and paid Mahala for his meal, and the other followed by handing her that week's pay. As they left, each bowed or said something to Mr. Boyd and his wife. When all had gone, Mahala looked straight at her husband, who was evidently figuring out how he would approach her, for in someway he must get the money she was in possession of. He knew that Mahala had undergone a change and he feared to disturb the turbulent waters. He cautiously began, "Well, my dear, I sure am glad the boys paid, for I have a place for every cent of that money. I must get supplies for next week—meat and groceries, pay the light bill, and get a new suit. You sure are a fine wife and help-mate." And at that he came toward Mahala.

"Yes, we surely can make good use of this money," agreed Mahala. "I have been figuring up the last few days and from my figures I discover that after all expenses are taken out, there will be between fifty and sixty dollars a month left for us. I will go to town with you and give you one half of what is left after I have purchased the supplies."

Mr. Boyd was standing in the center of the room with a most surprised look on his face. He made a gesture as if to speak, but Mahala continued, "I know this is the way you have wanted to arrange things before, fifty-fifty, but you needed me to work it out for you. You need a new suit and I need so many things I haven't time to mention them all, but at any rate we will be

able to get these things and many more. And hereafter, Mr. William Boyd, when you tell me that I am the best wife and helpmate in the whole world, I will know you have made no mistake."

He was weak and helpless. He sat down and in the few minutes he pondered, he wondered, first, how Mahala dared to be so disrespectful; and second, he thought of hundreds of things he had so selfishly done.

Mahala came to his side and began to talk and plan with him for the trip to town. Among other things, they decided that after the boarders had left their home, a long trip to the coast would be a fitting honeymoon.

A Scrap-Book of Memories

By Estelle Webb Thomas

RECENTLY, I asked a friend who was obliged to lie in bed for many months, how she managed to while away the time. "Partly with my scrap-book," she answered, and handed me a bulky volume from a bed-side table. I examined it with interest, the backs were of the usual scrap-book order, but for me, at least, the contents had unusual appeal.

At the age of ten my friend had commenced to paste in scraps of her "dress-up" and party dresses with the date of the first wearing, and a description of how the dress was made. Sometimes there was a snap-shot of herself in it, or she had drawn a little sketch and the change in styles alone, made the book interesting. If the dress was a "ready-made" she had written in the data and put the scrap of cloth in after the dress was past wearing.

As the book progressed there were significant items such as, "Wore this the first time I went out with Bob." Or, "Wore this at Alice's fifteenth birthday party." "Wore this to the Junior Prom. Went with Charlie." A peach-colored chiffon was "Bridesmaid's gown at Patsy's wedding." One dainty, flowered organdy had this honor, "Had this on when John proposed!" One graced the sad occasion, "When John told me goodbye before sailing for France."

Since John never returned from France what a sentimental value those two scraps must have! Still, the scrap-book, like any other good book, has a happy ending, for a few pages farther on are scraps of lace and ivory satin and the legend, "My wedding dress!"

The Sego Lily

By Merling D. Clyde

All Hail! the Sego Lily
With its creamy cup flung bold,
Enticing the winged insects
To find its heart of gold.

Down in the meadow, violets
And modest cowslips grow;
While wild pink roses fringe the lane,
All fragrant in a row.

But the sturdy sego lily
On hot hillsides in June,
Just sets the bees to humming there
In breezy, busy tune.

Glad to carpet the barren plain,
Its upright bloom to blow,
Content to grace to rolling hills
Where purple sages grow.

Romance in the Commonplace

By Ezra J. Poulsen

HOW often we see the drab, the commonplace, and unattractive in people and situations, and turn away with exclamations of distaste! If we had looked a little closer, or had tried harder to understand, the impression we received might have been entirely different.

There would be less jealousy, less sectionalism, less strife, if we trained our eyes to see more clearly the hidden and half hidden truths that lie all about us.

The flower almost concealed by the stone may be very small on the wide expanse of desert; yet to the eye trained to see, its beauty is not lost, and the entire area of apparent waste becomes possessed with interest-romance.

Very recently a young New Yorker was riding across the Wyoming desert in company with the grandson of Utah pioneers. As the seemingly endless miles unrolled, one after the other, the easterner, used to the lights, and the throbbing movement of the great city, uttered exclamations of disgust, and finally despair, at the terrific waste lying all about; and to lessen the tedium of the journey, he talked enthusiastically of the wonders of New York. He mentioned tall buildings looking down into canyon-like streets; he talked of marvelous four-track highways, bordered by beautiful flowers, of cities by the sea, and stately homes on the Hudson.

His companion, however, while enjoying the accounts of the many accomplishments in the East, was seeing an entirely different vision of the surrounding landscape. He saw white wagoned caravans moving bravely against the setting sun; he saw the tired faces of women and children, and the toiling forms of men. For him there was interest and romance everywhere, since he and his immediate progenitors had been actively engaged in building the West. What a wealth of information, what a change in point of view the other man might have obtained if he had probed a little deeper into his friend's mind!

A young man recently made the remark that on a business trip to an isolated community in one of our western states, he felt a chill of sorrow as he approached the place to think that people had to live in such an isolated, uninviting part of the country; but a little later, after he had become acquainted with the people, had taken part in their social life, and had learned of their inner cheerfulness, and friendliness, he felt they were the most blessed people he had ever met. Furthermore, he saw a new beauty in the naturally rugged surroundings when he came to see with eyes seasoned to gaze upon the hills of home.

Thus it is all in the point of view. Great souls live in obscure places, in small humble homes that are mere shelters against the wind and rain; and narrow, selfish souls are often found in high places, and frequently neither are known for what they really are. Life grows richer as we look into the heart of things, and see their true values, and as we learn to realize that the possibilities of happiness lie all around us in whatever circumstances we may be placed.

THE power to see beyond the obvious, the mere surface of things is well illustrated in the following

story told of the late Karl G. Maeser, one of Utah's beloved pioneer educators.

Dr. Maeser was riding down the Rhine on a small boat in company with a young Elder from Utah. To his highly cultivated German mind, and responsive heart the verdant hills on either side, topped with the gray towers and walls of ancient masonry, aroused sentiments quite beyond the understanding of his companion. Finally the old professor giving expression to his feelings, exclaimed, "How beautiful!' The young man, who had failed to be impressed, was somewhat amused; and lifting his eyes toward the ivy-grown ruins of an old castle, which his friend, almost overcome with emotion, was gazing upon, he remarked that he saw nothing but a pile of rocks with some vines growing over them.

Just rocks and vines—he saw nothing more; but the thousand years of rich human associations he failed to see. For all of us there are castles on the Rhine; and if we will, we may discover the sublime beauty in the line from Wordsworth,

"To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Clinics

IN many localities pre-school clinics are held at which mothers are advised of any physical infirmity in their children. These clinics are not conducted by the state but are sponsored by local effort. A clinic in your locality would certainly be a worthwhile project for a group of mothers. Professional men have given lessons and helped with other uplift work surely a clinic to determine the need for tonsil removal, dental work, proper diet and correction of other defects in small children would be worth the time and effort.

The equipment is negligible. A clean room, scales, chairs, desk or table, pencils and cards for records will be enough. The physician or nurse may suggest other supplies.

Sketches of Salt Lake

By the Late Josephine Spencer

A WATER COLOR

The sea a scroll of indigo;
A brilliant sunset's afterglow
Blurring the sky—its copper haze
Streaked with some lingering jets of blaze.

Afar two purple islands float;
Between their banks a pleasure-boat
Flashes her light—a cool, white star,
Against the red horizon bar.

IN OIL

Over the hilltops' edge of green
A blue sky, bending low;
And through the pine-trees, dimly seen,
A young moon's silver bow.

"Below the slope a brilliant sea
With shores of purple guaze,"
And in the west, hung dazzlingly,
Some fair world's red mirage.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

SEPTEMBER—month of hope and beauty. Asters and golden glow vie in loveliness with fleecy clouds and purple hills. Children's laughter makes music with the dancing leaves and fragrance of lush meadows and fruited orchards whisper, "harvest time."

LADY LINDSEY, wife of England's ambassador to America, is American born. She says "being a diplomat's wife isn't all trains and tiaras, one has to be very much a career woman herself."

FRANCES E. WILLIS, one of three women in the American diplomatic service, has been transferred from Stockholm to Brussels. The other women in the foreign service are Ruth Bryan Owen, minister to Denmark, and Constance Ray Harney, vice consul at Milan, Italy.

MRS. RUTH HAMPTON of Chicago is assistant director in the agency government of America's non-continental domain. She will have charge of Hawaiian affairs.

MARGARET HAYES of California, a Civil War nurse, died this summer at the age of 101 years. Another centenarian, Rachel Burris, died near the same time, age 110 years. The 10 decades of the lives of these women marked marvelous events in the nation's history.

MAUD ADAMS at the age of 62 has returned to the stage for a tour of "one nighters" as Maria in Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night."

KATHARINE CORNELL was recently voted the most popular stage actress by the senior class of New York University.

MARIE DRESSLER, famed film actress, whose recent death was so widely mourned, completed her autobiography before she was stricken. Her book, "My Own Story," will be greeted with interest if like herself it tells the genuineness of life's struggle. It was her rich qualities of mind and heart more than her art which won the affection of her many friends.

MME. RAMOLA HIJINSKY has written the biography of her artist husband, the famous Russian ballet dancer. She tells the strange story simply and directly, even so it is intensely dramatic.

JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE has recently published her own story, "The House of My Life," which the critics recommend as a tonic to the younger generation who may be hesitating over their own careers. She relates sincerely how she arrived in her chosen way of self expression and met many choice spirits of her day.

PHYLLIS BOTTOME'S latest book, "Private Worlds," with its unusual background and setting—a mental hospital—has become very popular. Though it is by no means her best novel, it is interesting, and as a psychiatric study is intensely dramatic.

HOBART'S "River Supreme," Phyllis Bentley's "The Spinner of the Years," and "The Valiant Life" by Margaret Wilson, are among the most recent novels written by women.

Development of Spirituality

By Lydia Wilson McKendrick

Given at Liberty Stake Relief Society Union Meeting, March 22nd, 1934

"Act in the living present, Learn to labor and to wait."

WE are the sculptors of our own existence. The goal we set is the model by which we work, and the present is the clay with which we are working, molding our tomorrow by our deeds of today.

Let us consider each life as a garden. Every heart should be a little secret garden which we should carefully clear of weeds and always keep full of sweet flowers and plants. This kind of a heart garden would be a blessing to all both individually and collectively. Yes, even a benediction. God means that we should make our lives so beautiful that they shall be the medium through which dreariness shall be transformed into loveliness.

The picture of a garden runs through all the Bible. The first home of the human race was a garden. Jesus was buried in a garden. When He arose that first Easter morning, spring flowers were blooming all about His grave, filling the air with fragrance. There is a legend, too, that as He walked away from the open tomb lilies sprang up in the path on which His feet walked. It is true, at least, that wherever His feet have walked all these centuries flowers of joy, of peace, of spiritual gifts, and life itself have grown. He, through His life and spirit is changing a wilderness into a garden of roses.

We should always live our best and serve our best. God expects this of us. Living at one's best is constant preparation for instant use. In one of St. Paul's letters to Timothy the old apostle gave this young man a most earnest charge. He bade him stir up the gift of God within him. Timothy was not doing his best, the glory in him was not shining out, was not *warming* and *brightening* the world as it should. There is no lack of spiritual gifts in God's children, but they are not at their best and need to be stirred up. The plainest of us carries concealed splendors within, if we knew to what extent I am sure it would inspire us to our best life and effort.

The Lord has planted a spark of Divinity in each of us. He has not given us vast learning and wisdom to solve all the problems, or unfailing wisdom to direct all the wanderings of our brothers' and sisters' lives, but He has given to everyone of us the power to be spiritual, and *by* our spirituality through *activity,* to lift and enlarge and enlighten the lives we touch, what is greater joy than this?

WE are heirs to great gifts of the spirit and if we so live that we are worthy, and have the capacity, we *will* enjoy them. Spirituality is a very much desired gift and is within the reach of us all—I believe we all have this gift to a greater or lesser extent, but it is like all other gifts, we must *use* it or *lose* it.

The surest road to Spirituality is to each day keep the commandments of God a little better than we did the day before. The truest religious life is one whose devotion gives food and strength for service, the way to

spiritual health lies in the paths of consecrated activity. Devotion fits us for this activity. We can not become spiritually minded or happy with the canker of jealousy lurking in our souls, for jealousy will kill all true active service and will keep us from having the great gift of an understanding heart. One of our every day prayers should be as the prayer of that great woman, Francis Willard, "Oh God, make me beautiful from within."

We lose development in spirituality when we wilfully break the Sabbath day,—not all at once but little by little and step by step and since it is the responsibility of the mothers of Israel to preserve and develop faith in the home and family this developing spirituality through keeping the Sabbath day is one of the very first steps.

We should see to it that we do not suffer or allow our families to suffer from Spiritual hunger through inactivity. If we train ourselves to look upward, to walk erect, to gather our souls' food from branches of the tree of life, our whole being will grow towards spirituality and heavenliness.

"Spirituality is a gift to be used every day,
Not to be smothered and hidden away;
It isn't a thing to be stored in the chest
Where you gather your keepsakes and treasure your best;
It isn't a joy to be sipped now and then
And promptly put back in a dark place again.
'Tis a gift that the humblest may boast of,
And one that the humblest may well make the most of.
Go to and live it each hour of the day,
Wear it and use it as much as you may;
Don't keep it in niches and corners and grooves,
You'll find that in service its beauty improves.

Spare the Child

By Mabel S. Harmer

THE other night I sat at a banquet which began about nine o'clock and ended about eleven due to the number of speeches and entertainment numbers that were interspersed between courses.

Several times during the evening a lovely child of four was placed upon the table to sing. The woman across from me, together with many others, cooed, "How sweet." The woman at my left whispered under her breath, "Barbarous, perfectly barbarous!" I was inclined to agree with the woman on my left.

The child sang ten or twelve numbers during the evening, all sentimental love songs that she could not have understood in the least. She was very sleepy and yawned between her songs—but the mother received her child's praises with a pleased smile. Her vanity was gratified and evidently that was what she wanted since the child could not possibly have been receiving any benefit from the performance.

IT is all too common a thing for a mother or teacher to exploit a talented child for her own gratification. Mother loves to have her friends

tell her how well little Jane sings, dances or recites and if Jane gives an unusual performance it may bring in more pupils for teacher.

And what does Jane get out of it? First, she loses her sleep—since most entertainments are held in the evening. Her nervous system probably suffers because it takes most children a long time to overcome the fear caused by suddenly being the center of attraction of numerous eyes. Later on, as she becomes used to a great deal of praise and attention, she loses much of her charm.

A mother proudly told me once that her eight year old daughter had taken part in over one hundred performances during the winter. I tried to be polite in my reply. From the time the girl was a tiny tot, this mother has spent a great part of her time in having the child trained and seeing that she was kept in the public eyes. She has even gone to the lengths of having her written up for the local papers. As a result the public has been led to expect more of the girl than it will probably ever realize—for while the girl has talent and is highly trained, she lacks the genius of a real artist.

SOME years ago, as a young and very foolish teacher of dancing, I had two talented youngsters come to me for instruction. In a short time I presented them to an eager public. Why not? It was good advertising for me—people were very happy to use them as a feature for some performance for charity and their parents were delighted at the adulation the little girls received.

And the children? One, an only child, became most dreadfully spoiled and sophisticated. The other, a daughter of parents of moderate means, became dissatisfied with her home life as she grew older and all but ran away to join a cheap traveling show.

I resolved then and there that no matter what kind of prodigies my own children turned out to be, they would be spared the doubtful benefits of performing in public. It was rather too bad to experiment on some one else's children for the sake of my own.

OF course, a child is a tremendous attraction at any time and can always "steal the show" with her adorable ways. It is really too bad to take her out of the limelight—if you are considering the audience. But why consider the audience?

What is the use then, you may ask, of training children in the fine arts if their light is to be kept hidden under a basket? There really is much to be gained in developing a child's talent aside from performing in public. First, there is the development that the child receives and her ability to appreciate the arts as she learns more about them. There is the very real enjoyment that a child receives from being able to dance, or sing, or play even if there isn't another soul in the world to enjoy it besides herself.

There is abundant opportunity for her to perform at home, with a group of other children, at school or before an audience composed of children.

As she grows older most of these objections are eliminated and she may if she desires, display her talent and training before an adult audience. But until that time—spare the child from the ill effects of appearing in public.

By Holly Baxter Keddington

A READER of this page asked if I would give mothers a few ideas on how to be better wives. She said she was trying to be a good mother but she felt sure that the wife was becoming somewhat submerged. This is true to a great extent, and a woman may be a very good mother yet be a very poor wife. I sent questionnaires to husbands of various vocations, ages, temperaments and religions and here are the results: Two questions were asked and I have tabulated the answers using the terms used by the husbands. Some may seem interchangeable but I have classified them this way for clarity. First question: What do you consider your wife's finest trait? Love of home and family 24, Loyalty 18, Unselfishness 11, Courage 8, Even disposition 6, Dependability 6, Sincerity 4.

Second question: What characteristics do you most admire in women? Love of home and family 42, Loyalty, Faithfulness, Fidelity 33, Poise, Charm, Grace 28, Even disposition 19, Femininity 16, Physical attractiveness 16, Intelligence 14, Co-operation, Foresight, Broad-mindedness 13, Honor, Virtue, Purity 12, Sincerity 11, Affection 10, Charity 10, Courage 10, Cleanliness 9, Efficiency 6, Patience 6.

Now you can check up on yourself, if you compare favorably with this list I congratulate you, if not so good, "It is never too late to learn."

MOTHERS and fathers should meet their child's principal and teacher so there is a feeling of co-operation between home and school. The teacher will be able to do more for a child if she feels her efforts are understood in the home. Many children have peculiar characteristics or physical handicaps that need explaining. How much kinder to both teacher and child if an explanation is made instead of waiting for some trouble to expose the defects. A parent need only visit school for a short time to realize that teachers deserve far more tolerance than they receive.

SAGES predict an early, rainy fall so I am suggesting these bits of amusement for the shut-in days. Cut funny-pages between lines, stack the pictures in order and sew on left edge with large stitches. Many weeks "Funnies" can be packed in a shoe box and put away for other bad days. Scrap-books of wall paper, card-board or oil-cloth 10 or 12 inches wide, for pictures, drawings and pressed flowers may be the first step in developing an artist, decorator or what not.

I AM asked how I read so much. One makes time to read just as one makes time for almost everything. Maybe I read when I should be doing many other things. Reading is both my uplift and my downfall, for I have been spanked and teased for reading out of turn, but on I go, reading every chance I get. For the most and best reading in a condensed form read "Reader's Digest." It is in most libraries or may be had for 25c per copy or $3.00 per year.

A Lonely Grave

By Mary Whiting Berry

FIFTY-TWO years ago my grandmother Mary E. Whiting's family, started by covered wagon to Utah from Arizona. At House Rock, just thirty miles north of the Grand Canyon bridge, they halted their journey to dig a lonely grave and place in it the young daughter May Whiting, nineteen years of age.

For many years the rough cowboys and ranchers have paused to repair the old picket fence. Years ago, when President Cluff of the B. Y. U. made a trip into old Mexico, his company passed by the lonely grave and he wrote back to my grandmother about the visit, and she answered him. He seemed to think she should be removed from this lonely spot, but not so with the relatives. After thirty-two years we attended a reunion at the grave to place a new granite rock and cement monument. People wondered why this caravan of cars were going into the desert. It took our grandmothers five weeks to travel on the long road while this new generation came in a day, two hundred of them, from Idaho, Utah, California, and Arizona. That lonely spot was a town for three days.

Aunt May seemed indeed to be with us. The spot was sacred and never did the living and dead seem to draw so near together. It was like we had imagined in the great beyond on the morning of the resurrection day. Sisters who had not seen each other for thirty years were reunited over this lonely grave, and men and boys worked feverishly to finish the beautiful mound, old men and also brothers of the one dead, were even there on invalid beds. Tears were shed as if the grave had been made today, instead of fifty-two years ago.

The Shrine in the Wasteland

By Bertha A. Kleinman

There's a lonely mound in the wasteland,
In the heart of the desert plain,
A grave that lies out in the twilight
And under the falling rain;
Like a shrine to a loved one's memory,
It stands in the solitude,
And the night winds whisper above it
Like a prayer of beatitude.

There the monolith spire at House Rock
Like a sentinel guards the plain,
Like the tower of a vast cathedral
Like the shaft of a temple fane.
There the shouldering bulwark watches
And tempers the winds for her,
As the shifting sands of the desert
Drift over her sepulchre.

It was there in the early Maytime.
In the May of her sweet young age,
That Death's angel stood in the valley,
And halted our pilgrimage,
And sweet May like a May time blossom,
Like a lily smote from its stem—
Lay down in the heart of the prairies
And we left her to slumber with them.

There's a sweeter calm in the wasteland,
There's a hush in the noon-day glare,
There's a kinder gleam in the starlight
Since we planted that dear shrine there;
There's a tender glow in the sunset,
And the dawn like a crested wave
Floods over the desolation
To hallow that lonely grave.

The years have been long since we left her
To sleep on the hillside alone,
But Old House Rock is staunch in his vigil—
And dearer and dearer has grown
That desolate mound in the wasteland,
And many the travelers who tread,
To strew their wild flowers above her
And tell of the lovely one dead.

Today we have gathered around her.
As sad recollections entwine—
Her kinsmen, her home folk, her loved ones,
As pilgrims come home to their shrine,
And our hearts shall be tender and fonder
For the tear drops bedimming our eyes,
And our love shall be truer and stronger
As we mark the dear place where she lies.
God temper the wind and the tempest,
God's watch-care be over the spot,
As the Maytimes are merged in the ages,
And the races of men are forgot.
Sleep on in the heart of the prairies,
Your slumber is safe in their care,
And the Gardens of God are the brighter
Since the star of your presence is there.

—*Inscribed in loving tribute to May Whiting, who died May* 15, 1882, *and was buried in House Rock valley, age twenty years.*

Happy Mothers

By Marba C. Josephson

THE love of wholesome books is the basis of much good. The desire for reading good books has its inception from the nurture given the seedling which sprouts in every child's mind. Each youngster has as active interest in the material of which books are made. This interest expresses itself in various ways: some children have imaginary playmates; others have wonderful fancied experiences.

Mothers especially have the privilege of molding this wayward fantasy into a worthwhile faculty. Controlled imagination becomes vision. Vision enables the one who possesses it to project himself into situations and to perceive the results of certain actions without having actually to experience the consequences of bad ones. Mothers through wise reading to their families can cultivate the right, happy vision—not only for the children but also for themselves and frequently for the fathers.

HABIT is an important part of reading. A certain time and place should be selected and never deviated from for even one day. Generally speaking, the best time is right after the evening meal and before bed time. Reading will act as a halfway stop between the violent exercise of normal children and the absolute inactivity of sleep. The children can draw up their favorite chairs or curl up on the floor near mother. The light should be a good one and should be so adjusted that there is no glare for either mother or children. Mother's chair should be comfortable. Her voice should be natural and yet expressive. Young people read by imitation largely. As mother reads, so the younger ones will read.

THE greatest problem naturally is what to read. Most of the reading done should be informational and entertaining. Stories concerning the people in different countries, short biographies of famous men and women whose lives are unusual enough to hold the attention of active youngsters, fairy stories, animal stories, each of these groups has its place. Kipling's *Just So Stories* arouse an interest and satisfy a craving of normal children in any locality. *The Jungle Books* by the same author will require some modification in one or two of the stories. If they are expurgated somewhat they will instil

a love and a respect for animals. The Uncle Remus books of Joel Chandler Harris are worth while and especially helpful in making children feel a oneness with animal life rather than a fear of it.

Some reading should be merely for the sheer beauty of expression and of rhythm. The Bible answers this requirement of beauty. The Bible is of course informational as well and therefore has double value. Children need the solemn grandeur of the Creation and the Psalms, perhaps long before they can understand the significance of the words. In these days of irreverence and carelessness the reading of the Bible literature is to be particularly commended.

Youngsters respond especially well to poetry. The rhythm strikes an answering chord in their hearts. *Silver Pennies,* edited by Blanche F. Thompson (a dollar publication of MacMillan Company, I have read repeatedly to my family. I especially recommend it for children of all ages. Often while I have been reading it to the children when their father was supposedly busy, I have glanced up and caught his amused but interested look.

The book in addition to being good reading stimulates the children to a creation of poetry. My little girl (who is only three and a half) after listening to one of the poems began a chant of her own which was quite poetical as well as being highly imaginative. The little song of *Silver Pennies* made my boys—rough and ready as they are—eager to locate some immediately that they might enter fairyland. This creative urge resulting from reading this collection will impel mother to strike off little poems resulting from questions that the children ask.

READING must not be limited to mother—although mother or father should read a little every day to the children. The children themselves must read—and for an audience. One's problems of managing a group of lusty youngsters can be partly solved by selecting books of short stories that the first and second graders can read to those younger. Mother can then mend with an eye to the more difficult words or can prepare the meals by keeping one ear tuned to catch any meaningless words or phrases.

When a child first starts reading at home it is quite a chore—for mother as well as for the performer, But if mother insists on daily reading of not longer than ten minutes at a time, she will find that the reading habit becomes fixed. After a short time, the difficulty of recognition of new words is cut down and the youngster reads for the joy of the story. A little later he reads for the happiness of being able to give the story to some one else. A home audience is so much more receptive than a school class where all follow the same page with an eye for words rather than for story.

In these days of talkies and radios, reading in the home serves a still further purpose—it will help train the children in the art of listening. Much as I should hate to do without these two outgrowths of our perfected mechanical age, I cannot help view them both with some degree of alarm. The theatre depends largely upon the auditors for its success. Consequently, the individual members of the audience feel a responsibility in helping the actors to do their best. In the talkie palace, on the other hand, the audience has no effect whatsoever on the performance. Whether there be one or a hundred spectators, the picture reels

off the same. Often, the inattention is appalling. The radio brings the world within our doors, but it also brings the attendant evil of inattention. We need to train the children to listen to well-modulated reading.

Reading of the right sort can hardly be overdone. Children's ideas and ideals of family life, of government, of humanity, of morality, of God, result largely from reading. We parents have a duty that is second to God's in its immensity: we place in the hands of our children the keys to life's greatest joys or its worst tragedies. In our choice of books to read to them and the selec tion of those books which we have them read lies the oportunity to mould into their very beings the characteristics which will keep them staunch and upright even in the time of greatest stress.

The joys from reading aloud well-written literature will more than compensate for the extra hour that mother must work after the children are in bed. The reading will give thoughts to take her mind from the routine tasks that frequently take the joy from home work. The remembered kindling of the fires of imagination in the hearts of her children will warm her own heart now and through all the years to come.

Although it may not be possible for every mother to leave her young ones an inheritance of dollars and cents, yet it is within the reach of each mother to give for all time a priceless heritage in the ability to appreciate good books.

All Places are Distant from Heaven Alike

By Caroline Eyring Miner

WHEN I was a child I used to recite a little poem my mother taught me, each verse of which ended, "Choose who will a city life, I will be a farmer's wife." At the conclusion of each rendition of this little piece I always made a very emphatic post-script, "I don't mean it, though," which caused some comment on the part of my elders.

I didn't mean it then, and as I grew older I declared more emphatically than ever that I wouldn't be a farmer's wife. Farm life had some good points, of course, the frolics in the great out-of-doors, the pets that one could have, the fruit and garden stuff that were so delicious, but I didn't like the endless work, the worry and uncertainty of crops, the little money one could get, and the dullness. On the other hand I saw only one side of the city life, its bright lights and excitement, the money that everyone seemed to have to spend on sodas and picture shows. I never saw the poverty, the suffering, the ugliness of the slums and Ghettos.

Perhaps my bad Fairy punished me for my childish insincerity in reciting, "I will be a farmer's wife," when I didn't mean it, or perhaps my good angel knew what was best for me, for at any rate I became a farmer's wife.

And somehow it seems exactly the right place to live, this farm. As I have grown older I have learned to understand that it doesn't matter so much where one lives for "All places are distant from heaven alike"—the heaven within one's heart. The little family group about the home are the angels of that heaven and they are with one no matter where one lives.

The Bread Winners

By Agnes Just Reid

SEATED before a pine table on which burned a tiny kerosene lamp the Breadwinner bent intently over a pair of scales. Carefully he poured from a soiled sack a small mound of shining particles. Weighing it, he put it into a cracked saucer and poured another mound from the sack.

It was tedious work, but the eyes of the young Breadwinner gleamed. It was fascinating to handle this gleaming sand; it was the wherewith-all of this untamed country. Weighing, counting, computing, but it was no use. Try as he would he could only make a hundred dollars of all his hoardings.

He leaned his arms on the table and his head dropped into them. What was he to do next? He had come to this lonely spot with his bride of a month and they had pitted their young strength against the elements. All had gone well, that is, they had managed to have food and clothes of some kind. The dug out in the hill side that had once been their home was now abandoned for a nice two-room log house; their few head of milk cows had increased; five years had really made some impression on their homestead. Then sickness came. Sickness such as no one would believe could come to such a blessed spot in the open. Something like typhoid fever laid their first born low and for four long months he had hovered between life and death.

The boy was well now. In the next room behind that thin partition, the Breadwinner could hear his regular breathing mingled with that of his mother's. Oh, how they both needed that rest! How many, many nights that mother had sat beside the little sufferer's bed; neighbors came, it is true, if they can be called neighbors who lived twenty miles away, but most of the nursing fell to the mother. He wondered among other things how a mother who was rather frail in the beginning could keep going for so many weeks without rest.

Poor Breadwinner, he wondered many things as he sat in that attitude of despair. He wondered if perchance his family, the ones for whom God held him responsible, might actually starve there in the wilderness.

That hundred dollars, all they had in the world, must go to the doctor who had saved their child. All of that and undoubtedly everything else they could rake and scrape. The Breadwinner knew nothing of doctor bills. Their two sons had been born there in their little shack without any medical aid. He himself had been the surgeon, his brave little helpmeet had washed and dressed her own babies, but this was different. They could not have gotten along without a doctor this time. They owed the very life of their child to this good doctor who had made more than a hundred trips on horseback, through every kind of weather, a distance of eleven miles.

Doctors sometimes charge mileage, he had heard. "Twenty-two miles, even at ten cents a mile and a hundred trips," he figured to himself. "Oh, my God, I cannot pay such an amount. When his thoughts seemed to have reached the point of going only in circles, the Bread-

winner rose wearily and took a badly worn, paper bound volume from the shelf above the window. Though torn and battered the words: "Complete Works of Shakespeare," were still distinguishable. The Breadwinner always found comfort in Shakespeare as some people found it in the Scriptures. He had often forgotten to come to meals because of it. He had two reasons for liking it; one was he enjoyed it, the other was that he hoped to improve his English for he was a Scandinavian by birth and foremost among his many ambitions was the one to become a thorough American.

When he finally laid the book down and began to prepare for bed, his brow had cleared and the hands of the little clock on the shelf pointed to two thirty. He even whistled a little as he whittled the shavings ready for the morning fire.

AS soon as the morning chores were finished he started for the Fort. He must get this matter of the doctor bill off his mind. The winter had been mild, so even in February the walking was not bad. Ground frozen and only a few drifts here and there made walking seem more desirable than riding the mule. Any way a slight jaunt of twenty-two miles did not seem much to a man who had walked two thousand miles across the plains when he was only nine years old.

The doctor was alone and greeted him cordially with: "Well, how is our boy today?" The Breadwinner struggled with himself. It was so hard for him to keep that huskiness out of his voice and it always made him feel like a child instead of the head of the family. Finally he said bravely,

"The boy is all right, doctor, but what about your bill?"

"I have not been thinking about the bill; just about saving the boy. I have a hunch that boy is worth saving. I like the shape of his head. I like the fight he put up to help save himself. He has the stuff in him that is going to be needed in this new country. You and your good helpmeet can never expect to get done all there is in sight for you to do. This boy and his brother and the brothers that are yet to come will help to make this desert an empire."

Oh, why would the doctor make it so hard for him. He should know that the father of a boy cannot stand to be talked to in that manner. He cleared his throat and blew his nose noisily then said as steadily as he could, "But, Doctor, about what do we owe you? I cannot sleep nights for thinking of it."

"I really do not need money, you know. I have my salary and in a place like this there is very little for which one can spend money. Don't think about it."

"But, doctor, I cannot think about anything else. You may not need it, as you say, but I still remember that your salary does not pay you for the hours and hours and hours that you spent plodding through every kind of weather, suffering every discomfort for the sake of our boy."

"Oh, that's nothing. A doctor does not expect to spend his life sitting on a velvet cushion."

"But, doctor, I have come to settle with you. We must have some understanding." He drew the small sack from his pocket and set it before the doctor. "There is all the money I have in the world. Take it. I wish it were ten times as much and for the balance you may take as many of the cows as you wish."

"And may I ask," the doctor inquired huskily, "what you will have to live on until there is something coming in?"

The Breadwinner made a feeble gesture. He could not answer that question.

The doctor drew out a paper and quickly wrote in his bold hand: "Paid in full for my services, from September 2, 1875, to January 1, 1876. C. W. Pindale, M. D."

Handing it to the Breadwinner he said: "Take this, I'll keep the gold, since you insist. Were you able to pay, I suppose I would ask five hundred dollars, but knowing the circumstances as I do, I am a coward to take anything. As for taking any of the cows, what are you talking about, man? Why should I save your child by medical science, then leave him to starve! I tell you this west needs men.

The Breadwinner took the receipt from the doctor's hand and went out into the February sunshine without making an effort to express his gratitude.

With a walk that was almost a trot, he sped homeward. He had no money in his pocket, but he had courage in his heart and life was good. He must hurry home to tell the mother of his boys that the doctor was paid.

IRENE SAMPSON, PRESIDENT OF DELTA THIRD WARD RELIEF SOCIETY, AND HER CHILDREN

One Hundred Best Books of the Century

By Women of the United States

A LIST of 100 best books of the century by American women was announced at the International woman writers' conclave held in connection with the International Congress of Women at the "Century of Progress" at Chicago, 1933.

The list which follows was submitted by Lena Madesin Phillips, president of the council.

BIOGRAPHY

"Twenty Years at Hull House,"—Jane Addams.
"A History of Woman Suffrage,"—Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Matilda Joslyn Gage.
"The Promised Land,"—Mary Antin.
"The Great Catherine,"—Katherine Anthony.
"Earth Horizon,"—Mary Austin.
"Life and Letters of Emily Dickinson,"—Martha Gilbert (Dickinson).
"Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years,"—Mrs. Harriet Brown.
"Mozart,"—Marcia Davenport (1932).
"Angels and Amazons,"—Inez Haynes Irwin.
"The Story of My Life,"—Helen Keller.
"A New England Girlhood,"—Lucy Larcom.
"John Keats,"—Amy Lowell.
"Pere Marquette, Priest, Pioneer and Adventurer,"—Agnes Repplier.
"My Brother, Theodore Roosevelt,"—Corinne Roosevelt Robinson.
"The Story of a Pioneer,"—Anna Howard Shaw.
"Life of Abraham Lincoln,"—Ida M. Tarbell.
"Glimpses of Fifty Years,"—Frances Willard.

DRAMA

"When Ladies Meet,"—Rachel Crothers.
"The Poor Little Rich Girl,"—Eleanor Gates.
"Alison's House,"—Susan Glaspell.
"The Piper,"—Josephine Preston Peabody.
"Fashion,"—Anna Cora Mowatt Ritchie.
"Sun-Up,"—Lula Vollmer.

ESSAYS

"On Understanding Women,"—Mary Beard.
"Letters from New York,"—Lydia Child.
"Papers on Literature and Art,"—Margaret Fuller.
"Godey's Lady's Book,"—Sara J. Hale, Ed.
Poets and Their Art,"—Harriet Monroe.

FICTION

"The Conqueror,"—Gertrude Atherton.
"The Good Earth,"—Pearl Buck.
"Death Comes to the Archbishop,"—Willa Cather.
"The Lamplighter,"—Maria Cummins.
"Show Boat,"—Edna Ferber.
"Deepening Stream,"—Dorothy Canfield Fisher.
"Red Horse,"—Mary Halleck Foote.
"Miss Lulu Bett,"—Zona Gale.
"Leavenworth Case,"—Anna Katherine Green.
"Lummox,"—Fannie Hurst.
"Ramona,"—Helen Hunt Jackson.
"The Country of the Pointed Firs,"—Sara Orme Jewett.
"To Have and To Hold,"—Mary Johnston.
"Mother,"—Kathleen Norris.
"Scarlet Sister Mary,"—Julia Peterkin.
"Gates Ajar,"—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.
"The Time of Man,"—Elizabeth Maddox Roberts.
"The Little French Girl,"—Anne Douglas Sedgwick.
"Uncle Tom's Cabin,"—Harriet Beecher Stowe.
"Ethan Frome,"—Edith Wharton.
"St. Elmo,"—Augusta Evans Wilson.

HUMOR

"The Peterkin Papers,"—Lucretia Peabody Hale.
"Samantha at the Centennial,"—Marietta Holley.
"American Humor,"—Constance Wayfield Rourke.

JUVENILE

"Little Women,"—Louisa May Alcott.
"Little Lord Fauntleroy,"—Francis Hodgson Burnett.

"Dotty Dimple,"—Rebecca Clark.
"Cat Who Went to Heaven,"—Elizabeth Coatesworth.
"Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates,"—Mary Mapes Dodge.
"Elsie Dinsmore,"—Martha Finley.
"Pollyanna,"—Eleanor H. Porter.
"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,"—Alice Caldwell Rice.
"Five Little Pepper Stories,"—Margaret Sidney.
"Wide, Wide World,"——Susan Warner.
"Daddy Long Legs,"—Jean McKinney Webster.
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,"—Kate Douglas Wiggin.

POETRY

"Poems,"—Alice and Phoebe Cary.
"Bells at Evening and Other Poems,"—Fanny J. Crosby.
"Honey Out of the Rock,"—Babette Deutsch.
"Complete Poems of Emily Dickinson,"—Emily Dickinson.
"Collected Poems of H. D.,"—Hilda Doolittle.
"Later Lyrics,"—Julia Ward Howe. (contains "Battle Hymn of the Republic")
"Renascence,"—Edna St. Vincent Millay.
"Poems,"—Louise Chandler Moulton.
"Death and Taxes,"—Dorothy Parker.
"Selected Poems,"—Lizette Woodworth Reese.
"Fiddler's Farewell,"—Leonora Speyer.
"Rivers to the Sea,"—Sara Teasdale.
"Lyrics and Sonnets,"—Edith Thomas.
"Complete Poems,"—Elinor Wylie.

RELIGION

"The Sabbath in Puritan New England,"—Alice Earle.
"Science and Health,"—Mary Baker Eddy.
"Franciscan Adventures,"—Vida Scudder.

SCIENCE

"Introduction to the Study of Variable Stars,"—Caroline Furness.
"An Atlas of the Medulla and Mid-Brain,"—Florence R. Sabin.

SHORT STORIES

"Meadow Grass,"—Alice Brown.
"Old Chester Tales,"—Margaret Deland.
"A New England Nun and Other Stories," by Mary Wilkins Freeman.
"In the Tennessee Mountains,"—Mary N. Murfree.

SOCIAL SCIENCE

"Women in Industry,"—Edith Abbott.
"Woman Suffrage and Politics,"—Carrie Chapman Catt.
"Remarks on Prisons and Prison Discipline in the United States,"—Dorothea Dix.
"Husbands and Homes,"—Mary Harland.
"My Story of the War,"—Mary A Livermore.
"Coming of Age in Samoa,"—Margaret May.
"Women and the New Race,"—Margaret Sanger.

TRAVEL

"Carl Akeley's Africa,"—Mary L. Akeley.
"Spanish Highways and Byways,"—Katherine Lee Bates.
"New Orleans, the Place and the People,"—Grace King.
"Ports and Happy Places,"—Cornell Stratton Porter.
"A Woman Tenderfoot in Egypt,"—Grace Thompson Seton.
"House of Exile,"—Nora Waln.

The selections were made by a book council of twenty-four American writers and literary authorities, and the faculties of sixty universities and colleges.

Anita Browne of New York, founder of Poetry Week, was chairman of the council of authors. Among the council members were the poet, Stephen Vincent Benet; the novelist, Zona Gale; the historian, Henrick W. Van Loon; the economist, Charles Edward Russell; the humorist, Ellis Parker Butler; the poet, Robert Frost; the biographer, Don Seitz, and Irita Van Doren, literary critic.

A Beam That Pierced

By Dorothy Clapp Robinson

ONE mile. Two miles. Janice walked rapidly. Little heat imps danced from sage to sage before her. Her jacket clung to her parched shoulders; and the powdery dust clung to her gauze hose. She tried to avoid the brush that snagged at her skirt. Another mile. She pulled her gloves from her hot hands and thrust them into her jacket pocket. With an immaculate handkerchief she wiped the dust from her eyes and from her dry lips. She looked back. The service station buildings danced weirdly with the heat. Her friends were there waiting with visible fortitude for tires to be sent out from Twin City. Doubtless they would question her absence. She wondered if the attendant had told them about the tires or the feed pipe. He looked like a good sport. Anyway it was five years this very day in May and she must have just one look.

Another mile and she stood on the ridge that had beckoned, oh, long before they had reached the service station. She looked down over a gently sloping swale that to a casual observer would have seemed identical with a thousands others here about. To her it was a spot set apart. Heat and solitude hung over it as usual. There was an air of desolation, from the brown of its once plowed acres down to the unexpected green of a lone tree. Once these acres had been fertile, productive; but now, abandoned by man, they had spurned the offspring of his dominance and boldly brought forth a new growth of sage between which wild mustard and tumbleweeds rioted.

Suddenly Janice plunged down the hill heedless of clutching weeds and brush. Breathlessly she reached the dike that banked a small stream bed, dry now except for one stagnant pool. Slowly she registered each detail of the scene.

The dam was crumbled in places. The sage they had planted to hold the dike was there, with bare branches and gray-green tufted tops. The wild roses from one tiny sprig had spread to cover half the inner slope of the bank. Their fragrance made her heart skip and plucking one blossom she turned toward the tree. For long moments she looked at it, her hurry gone. She put out her hand and touched it's smooth bark.

"A miracle," she whispered. "There would always be shade now." She dropped her eyes. At her feet a half tumbled-down seat flaunted patches of curled green paint. Stooping she examined the end board. There they were; W. W. in big bold strokes; beneath in small precise lines J. W., and then—and then, on her knees she traced with trembling fingers the small undecided lines that were also J. W. Hot scalding tears filled her eyes. They had been so happy then—she and Walt and Baby Janice. Until then their love had withstood the heat, the drought, the unloveliness; in all the world there had been just each other.

Her eyes strayed to the north-facing slope but were instantly withdrawn. She arose and walked slowly about. Here had been the cellar. Its roof was gone and in one corner was heaped a few broken fruit jars, ghastly survivors of once glutted shelves. The shelves were gone,

prey to the ever fuel hunting sheep herders.

The house was gone. The rocks that had been it's foundation were scattered about. Her eyes that had been soft grew hard. The house had been hauled away, easily, she knew—perhaps even on a hayrack. Why, when they used to have threshers she would move the cupboard and wash stand out and put planks kitty-cornered across the room to give them eating space. Good thing the bed had folded up. How horrible it had been. Dusty, sweaty men bolting the flat, insipid food. Even dishes were scarce. More than once Walt had had to eat from a pie tin and drink from a can. They had even managed to be boisterously gay about it; but then their eyes had been on the future; that future that year after year refused to be coaxed nearer.

Between the cellar and the house she nearly stepped into a yawning cistern. It was full above the intake pipe and no cover. That was dangerous. She must tell Walt—well hardly—she hadn't had his address for four years.

She walked up the south-facing slope to what had once been her chicken-house. She looked in. Incredibly a roll of net wire stood in one corner. Her throat caught. How many chickens the coyotes had taken; how many tears she had shed and what sacrifices they had made before that wire had been bought. She remembered the day as though it were yesterday. Walt shouldn't have left it here, either. He probably considered it hers. He was queer that way. Stubborn, too, as a mule, sometimes.

Circling the ruin she came upon an unusually large sage. It's stringy bark and pungent silvered leaves cried out for remembrance. It was just as it had been, scarcely larger. Unbelievable that the sheep herders had passed it by. A wind ruffled its leaves and a cloud of dust enveloped her. She looked up quickly. Overhead the sky was darkening and the distant roll of thunder came faintly to her ears. She had thought the unusual sultriness would breed a storm. How fine it would be. A good storm now would insure good crops and fill the reservoir for her garden. Her garden? Thank goodness not hers, but someone's. For her a garden was no longer the dividing line between life and mere existence.

Something broke under her foot. She looked down and a sob that had embarrassed her air of indifference all day rose in her throat. The one doll in all the world that held memories for her. Its papier-mache' legs were bleached and brittle. One arm had crushed under her shoe. Its body was divested of stuffing, only here and there were particles of it visible; but its head—with careful fingers she tried to lift it but it crumbled under her touch, leaving only a pair of eyes. She held them in her hands, brown eyes connected with a Y-shaped wire with a blob of lead at the end.

Again that sob rose and she fought it hard. There had been the three of them that last Christmas. From the time dolls were put on display she had watched this one. Its eyes were large and brown and startlingly human—when they moved. Their expression had led her to pay more for it than she could afford. The pup had carried it away and how Baby had cried. She had taken ill the next day.

With her handkerchief Janice wiped away the dust and there they were—exactly the same. The lashes were scarcely harmed and the blob of lead just as it had been. It was queer about that lead, it ruled the

eyes. On it depended their usefulness, their expression and beauty. Without it they were merely pieces of glass. Holding them tightly in one hand she went directly to the slope beyond the dam.

By a grave she stopped. A tiny grave inclosed by a tight board fence. She leaned heavily upon it. A border of iris, a scraggly lilac with half a dozen anemic blossoms accentuated rather than lessened the sense of desolation and abandon. Perhaps if she had been here to carry water the flowers would have flourished.

"There will be others to help you forget," Walt had said that last Sunday in May five years ago. Her overwrought nerves had snapped.

"Others," she had screamed. "Others! To this desolation—this poverty—this burning hell—others! To be brown and rough and shabby. A class set apart! Natives! No, no, a thousand times no," and shrieking wildly she had fled over that selfsame rabbit path that had brought her back today. Walt had followed, of course, but she was through.

Back among her own with her former work she had prospered. Time had soothed her jagged nerves but her heart was still sore at times. It was too much to suppose she could blot it entirely from her life. Wounds leave their scars always and like the lead on the doll's eyes color every hour of one's existence.

A sudden thought came to her. Her associates, in their work, in their clubs prated much of their right to self-expression; their right to taste real life. Had she not when she was here lived deeper, felt more keenly? Here she had reached the heights and probed the depths. The dull lead of her surroundings had been the balance that had given her her chance for development.

A SHARP peal of thunder, a spattering of raindrops brought her suddenly to the present. She must rush like mad or she would make them all late for that evening session. She started up the slope but a sudden downpour checked her. It would be better to wait until the shower was over. Head bent to the wind she dashed to the chicken house. There she waited. She hoped feverishly that it wouldn't last long but what a Godsend to the parched earth it would be if it did. Parched. Her eyes swept the drenched slopes. Already a soft green mist was replacing their dusty gray. Here and there showed brightening patches of color. The stream bed had miraculously sprung to life and to her nostrils came the once-familiar scent of a revivified earth. Janice breathed deeply. Why couldn't it always be so beautiful.

She looked at the sky. South and west it was dense and dark, lit by occasional vivid flashes. It looked like an all night affair. What would she do? It had turned cold, too. In her damp clothes she shivered. Her old dread of being alone on the place returned.

The splashy beat of horses hoofs brought an instant's relief, then panic. She hoped it was not a Basco sheep herder or one of those mythical characters that to her mind had always roamed these slopes. Even a neighbor would mean embarrassment. She held her breath and crouched into the farthest corner.

A sharp "whoa" and a man darted through the low door. In one hand he carried a huge spray of wild phlox and buttercups. The woman caught her breath sharply. He wheeled. Incredulity was quickly replaced by stark vivid joy.

"Janice;" his hungry arms reached for her then with remembrance

they dropped.

"You here!"

"Yes, I came about an hour ago." She hoped her voice sounded casual, inconsequential. She must not show concern; but her eyes noted quickly the damp coat, the wet hair that he pushed restlessly back from his face. He had never been one to wear a hat.

"But—how—"

"I walked from the Service Station. We were on our way to a Club Convention at Twin City."

"But why come here?"

Her eyes sought the slope then came back to his bouquet.

"I came for the same as you—" with a nod toward the little grave. He, too, looked toward the slope. They looked in silence; then presently his eyes strayed to her face and he breathed quickly.

"You are beautiful, Janice, as always."

"As always?"

He nodded; "Yes, always beautiful."

She laughed rather wildly. "Walt, what are you saying? Beautiful! I was brown, shabby, hair stringy, nails broken—"

"I know, but you were so gallant, so heart warming. I suppose I should have seen how you felt but I was too smug; too accustomed to it all. Perhaps I wouldn't let myself see until that last day—"

That last day. They had been at the little grave planting the iris and lilac when he had made that luckless remark about others. Heat, isolation, uncertainty of income; and then sorrow had done their worst. Walt's remark had been the one thing too much. Now he was saying she had been beautiful and heart-warming. She clutched the doll's eyes tightly.

Outside the storm had turned to a cold drizzle; but a sudden clap of thunder crashed through the swale lending renewed energy to the rain. She shivered. He remembered she was afraid of storms and stepped nearer. His face was drawn and gray. Taking a flower from his spray she plucked the yellow petals and dropped them one by one.

He said doggedly: "I lost my job."

"I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. I have at last come home to stay. Others will come, too, now that jobs are gone—"

Janice stared hard into the storm. He had come back. Some day another woman would stand by his side helping to fight the drought, the loneliness. Would he call her heart-warming? Walt was continuing:

—"with a flock of sheep—a few cows—turkeys—our own garden, we will—"

Our garden. Perhaps he was already married. There would be "others," Walt's but not hers.

"I have bought the Burke place—"

Bought the Burke place! Joining this on the west; it had precious spring water—enough for a little hay, trees, berries, grass—; a house that was not too small. She grasped his arm.

"Walt—did you—is there—someone?"

His mouth went hard. "There has always been—someone."

Anger swept reason away. That had been *their* dream.

She cried: "How dare you. That was my dream as well as your's. None other has the right;" bursting into wild sobs she threw herself against him. "Don't, Walt," she pleaded. "Don't bring her here. She wouldn't understand. She doesn't know about the lone tree, the wild roses on the dam—the little grave. They are my memories to share with you—if it isn't too late."

His eyes flamed. His arms circled and crushed her tight. His desperate lips found hers.

"Janice, you can't mean it—it's too good. Nights without numbers I've lain awake dreaming you came back; dreaming you were beside me—"

The flowers had dropped to the ground. His eye caught them and reason returned.

"No, no, it can't be." He thrust her arms away. "It wouldn't do. Life here will be much the same. I have my hopes, my dreams but you know how elusive our dreams were before. I have heard of your success and I couldn't let you come back to—this. Besides—" his strong voice broke, "I couldn't stand losing you again, Janice. It does something to a man—he just can't fight. Better to dream of heaven than to taste and lose."

"See;" she held the doll's eyes before him. "You remember these—that last Christmas? I found them a few minutes ago; you remember how beautiful they were—how expressive? Then this lead fell off and the eyes were lifeless, always the same. I had to remove the head so you could solder the lead back. With it as a balance the eyes came to life. The doll was again a thing of beauty. Don't you see—?"

He was again holding her close but his eyes showed bewilderment. Her arms slipped around his neck and drew his face down.

"Can't you see, Dear? Where I work we are all beautiful; there is nothing to make us otherwise but there no one calls me gallant. I need this lead—" with a sweeping gesture—"to give me balance; to help me to really live. Perhaps that is why I came. You remember—

" 'Yet a beam that pierced, and a thrill that smote
Called me, and drew me from far away'."

Outside the storm raged giving promise of life and wealth to the dry earth. Cheek to cheek they watched—giving silent promises of love and life.

Notes from the Field

COTTONWOOD STAKE PAGEANT

Cottonwood Stake:

THE above picture represents President Lavina H. McMillan of the Cottonwood Stake, President Louise Y. Robison, and the brothers and sisters who participated in a splendid pageant showing the various activities of the Relief Society throughout its entire organization.

In the reports that came into the office of the Ninety-second Anniversary Celebration of the Relief Society organization, none seem to be more beautiful and typical than that given by the Cottonwood Stake Board, on Friday, March 16, 1934. The playlet was built around the motto of the Relief Society, "Charity Never Faileth." The entertainment was divided into seven divisions, known as "The Elect Lady," and pictured the seven Presidents. Epoch 1 was the inception of the organization, featuring Emma

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE SEVEN PRESIDENTS AND THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH

Smith as the central figure; Epoch 2 was twenty-two years later, and presented Eliza R. Snow, who was called upon to travel and organize the women of Zion; Epoch 3, featured Zina D. H. Young and the World's Fair of 1893; Epoch 4, the opening of the offices in the Bishop's Building, with Bathsheba W. Smith, President; Epoch 5, concorning the Wheat with Emmeline B. Wells as the central figure; Epoch 6, the establishment of Baby Clinics and the Wheat Trust Fund under Clarissa S. Williams; Epoch 7, the erection of the monument on the site of the organization in Nauvoo, with President Louise Y. Robison.

Union Stake:

THE Union Stake had a most successful year in the development of the lesson program, and showed an increased activity among the sisters in lesson discussion. This fine result was obtained by assigning certain parts of the lesson to the different members, and asking them to reproduce it in their own words. The President writes: "This year we are stressing a program to stimulate interest in reading the *Magazine*. Our plan is for the *Magazine* agent to have charge of the program on Work and Business day. This program need not always be a formal recitation of stories, poetry, etc., but may be arranged as a game—such as a series of questions on articles contained in the *Magazine*, something like a spelling-bee, with the sisters on different sides, or, with the help of others, the *Magazine* agent may hold the conversation to topics on the *Magazine* or related subjects, and encourage activity on the part of some sisters who are frightened to take part in a more formal program."

Granite Stake

A DELIGHTFUL reception and testimonial was held on the evening of June 26, 1934, in the Granite Stake Tabernacle. The occasion was in honor of the retiring Relief Society Stake President and her Board. Sister Emmaretta G. Brown had been president of Granite Stake Relief Society for eleven years. Sister Myrtle B. Latimer, who succeeds Sister Brown, assisted by Sisters Angeline H. Earl and Nellie O. Parker, counselor, and the Ward Relief Societies, were hostesses. Representatives from the General Relief Society Board, Stake Presidency, High Council and Bishops spoke of Sister Brown's splendid achievements. Sister Earl presented her with a beautiful silver basket which was then filled with roses by the Ward Presidents who gave sentiments relative to Sister Brown's faith, humility, foresight, progressiveness, womanliness and executive ability. Members of each Ward had been assigned seats, and as the Ward President made her presentation the members of her ward rose to do honor to one so dearly loved. Sister Parker presented the retiring board members with tokens made of Utah copper. Especially beautiful music was furnished by the Bel Canto Ladies' Chorus, Sister Nellie Priestly, organist, and Sister Agnes Bolto. After the program, a reception and dance were held in the foyer and amusement hall.

THE last union meeting of the year, on May 24, was *turned* into a social honoring the Ward Presidents. Sister Latimer conducted an airport idea which ultimately turned into a charming pageant of "Service." During the whole year the Stake Board had saved and planned to make this party

a success and their plans certainly materialized beautifully. Sister Nellie Parker, as "Service," assisted by three golden "Sunbeams" and a gold and blue airplane, paid well deserved honor to the Presidents, with clever eulogies and a gift for each ward room. President Louise Y. Robison and Sister Brown were surprised with remembrances also. Members of the General Board, Stake Presidency and Bishops were special guests.

Curlew Stake

THAT the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother" has struck deep into the hearts of Relief Society women, is evidenced in the account which follows: Father's Day was pleasantly celebrated in Curlew Stake. The Stake Relief Society, the Y. W. M. I. A. and Primary Boards arranged a special program for the occasion, which was held on the regular monthly Union Meeting Day. The fathers had seats of honor and enjoyed the addresses and musical numbers. After the program, the fathers and the rest of the congregation, between three and four hundred people, were served with delicious refreshments. All voted it a most successful occasion.

Blaine Stake

A MOST excellent Institute for Better Homes and Interior Decoration was held at Richfield, Idaho, June 26, 1934. This special project was patterned as nearly as could be after the one held by the General Board in Salt Lake City during April Conference. The Institute began with a short program. The Stake Board and Richfield Ward served refreshments at noon, after which a short social and get-acquainted hour was enjoyed. This was followed by a Presidents' Meeting when the project under consideration was discussed. Each of the ten wards brought some interesting article to demonstrate. The response to the invitation was excellent, and everyone seemed to receive new and valuable information from this interchange of ideas. From the folders received during conference they obtained addresses of several of the business houses, and wrote to these. They were most responsive to the requests and sent booklets and many valuable suggestions. These were distributed among the wards. From noon the time was spent in demonstrating different wares and articles. The Secretary writes: "We hope much good will come from this project, and we believe it will, as each ward expressed appreciation and promised to carry out the suggestions received. There were more than sixty of our leaders present, some coming a distance of eighty miles to participate. It is a sacrifice for mothers to come from so far away, but they enjoyed the contact with the other sisters, and in spite of obstacles the sisters felt happy and abundantly repaid for the efforts they make to participate in the Relief Society activities."

Nevada Stake

ONCE again our attention is called to the fact that the training received in Relief Society is an excellent preparation for civic activities. The following account, clipped from a Nevada newspaper is an indication of this. Mrs. E. E. Hinckley is the Nevada Stake Social Service Leader, and the President writes that her work has been outstanding, which is borne out by the following. She has been appointed County Director and General Supervisor over all women's work within White Pine County. Her problem will be to see that every

woman certified for work in this county is placed. "Sewing, remodeling of garments, library work, clerical and general utility projects will be established first. Immediately following this, vocational sewing classes will be established in Ely and McGill. These classes will be open to girls and women wishing and needing the instruction. Local club women have been asked to assist with these classes. Through this effort it is planned that each family may be well and comfortably clothed through its own efforts. Tentative plans for establishing of opportunity classes for the children of working mothers or relief families are being made. The classes will consist of supervised play, handcraft and building up of weak spots in school work. Single women with no other income will receive 42 hours work per month. Women with dependents and no other income will receive 54 hours.

Let Us Improve Our English

BRIGHAM YOUNG, in Chapter Eight of his Discourses says, "In our Relief Societies we wish to introduce many improvements. * * * We can improve the language we use."

This phrase was the inspiration for the program of correct English which was carried out in the Relief Societies of Ensign and Liberty Stakes. The aim of the work was increased vocabularies, better enunciation and pronunciation, and more exact thinking and speaking. The outline includes:

1. The Voice—Tone and Enunciation.
2. Pronunciation.
3. The Dictionary—Its Use.
4. The Vocabulary—Enlarge it by elimination and substitution.
5. Slang and its Substitutes.
6. Correcting incorrect expressions.
7. Vigorous Words—Verbs.
8. Conversation and Vocabulary.

Immediate results of this course interpolated into the work and business day have been: increased attendance and better speech.

A mispronounced word is a discord in the harmony of thought. Seven words often mispronounced in the Church are:

geneălogy
organĭzation
quorum (qw)
auxiliary (ogzilyari)
main′tēnance
authŏrity
address′

A man can think no further than his vocabulary. With the vocabulary of a child you can think no better than a child. The presidents of the United States have had noticeably extensive vocabularies. President Wilson, the man who thought out the problem of world unity more clearly than any other man had the largest vocabulary of any of our presidents.

Errata

WE very much regret that a serious error was made in the article written by Ezra C. Robinson in our July *Relief Society Magazine,* wherein he states that Jacob Hamblin had an Indian wife. We are informed by Brother Hamblin's son, Dudley J. Hamblin, that this is not correct.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXI SEPTEMBER, 1934 No. 9

EDITORIAL

Work

"Thou, O God, who sellest us all good things at the price of labor."—*Leonardi Da Vinci.*

"Whatever religion is not work, may go and dwell where it will; with me it shall have no harbor."—*Carlyle.*

"Our worship does not work until it makes us work."—*John M. Versteeg.*

"This is the gospel of labor, ring it ye bells of the kirk. The Lord of love came down from above to live with the men who work."*—*Henry Van Dyke.*

NEVER has the blessedness of work been more evident than it is today. We see on every hand the deterioration that takes place when instead of earning a living men and women receive help from various agencies because they have been unable to secure employment. They chafe under the enforced idleness. They become discouraged. Life loses its zest and perhaps most serious of all, all too many become reconciled and even eager to have society give them an allowance on which to live. They lose the desire to work and sit back contentedly, feeling that the world owes them a living and they expect the world to give it to them. The tendency is for the idle either to become apathetic or to develop red tendencies.

Every Latter-day Saint should be eager to work mentally, physically and spiritually. The gospel of Jesus Christ is a religion of work. The Master said, "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." He went from place to place doing good. He cleansed the lepers, healed the sick, made the blind to see and the deaf to hear. These healings required effort and power went out from Him.

Happy are they who have both mental and physical work. Unfortunate are they who spend so many hours in physical labor that they use up all their energy and have none left for mental enjoyment, and those who spend all their time in mental activity, not giving the body the exercise it requires, find sickness and disabilities increase.

Let all those who have work to do and health to do it render gratitude to the Father of all mercies and

let them show their appreciation by striving to give the opportunity to all who are without work to have the satisfaction of laboring and earning their bread by the sweat of their brows.

President Robison Returns

WE are happy to announce the safe return of our beloved President, Louise Y. Robison from her European trip. We are sure our readers will be eager to read her report which will appear in a forthcoming issue of our magazine.

Sister Robison enjoyed good health while away and was warmly received wherever she went. The friendship, goodwill and love shown by the Relief Society sisters of Europe moved her deeply and made her more eager than ever to be humble and to perform her duties faithfully. She was delighted with the way the sisters in the European mission conducted their meetings and the earnestness and devotion they exhibited. They are eager to carry on the work as efficiently and to study the same lessons as their fellow members are doing in Zion. They have groups of "Singing Mothers" and some of the sisters in Switzerland yodel to the delight of those who hear them.

Through our President's visit, the General Board will understand conditions there much better and will therefore be able to give more aid.

We welcome our President back. It is a joy to see her take upu her work immediately on her return and as of yore put her whole heart and soul into the work that is so dear to her.

Marie Dressler

WHEN the news flashed over the wires that Marie Dressler, acclaimed the greatest comedian of her generation had died, countless thousands sorrowed that this woman who had made millions laugh and love her, who had been so interested in others that she was elated when they scored and downcast when they failed, who was said to be the same no matter what fortune or misfortune befell her, would make no more pictures.

She has left many lessons through her life of struggle and suffering and trial. She knew few of the joys of childhood. Her father, who though German had been trained in the British Army, was irascible. He was a music teacher, but his quick temper lost him all his pupils and the father and mother with their two daughters moved from place to place. The older girl was beautiful but Marie was known as "the ugly duckling." She said, "From the beginning I have played my life as a comedy rather than the tragedy many others would have made of it. Some derive enjoyment from the martyr feeling, but as an infant I would rather be laughed at than pitied." She never went to school. Until she became the sole support of her family at the age of fourteen, her mother was her tutor in reading, writing and arithmetic.

IT is interesting to note that it was tripping over rugs when she was a fat, clumsy, three-year-old child that started Marie Dressler on her career. She found that people laughed when she was awkward, so she began falling deliberately, from "a desire to make my friends enjoy themselves." I wanted those about me to be happy and to like me. If

I failed I blamed no one but myself. I realized that my beauty, if any, lay underneath the skin. I found it quite as delightful if people said: 'Isn't she funny?' as if they had exclaimed: 'Isn't she beautiful?'"

Her mother worried because her daughter could not go to school and she made her promise to read newspapers every day as an educational measure. This promise Marie kept and all her education came from reading papers and listening to people.

She knew what it was to go from a position as a chorus girl receiving $8.00 a week to a star receiving $2500 a week. Then to go back to a position bringing $8.00 a week and up again to $5,000 a week. At 54 she was not wanted at any price, at 64 she was under contract to receive $100,000 for each picture, two a year if her health permitted.

ALTHOUGH she knew the pain of unrequieted love, she also knew some wonderful and lasting friendships. Indeed her final triumph came through her friendship with Frances Marion. Unable to secure employment, she decided to go to Europe and open a small hotel. She believed that the friends she knew in America would patronize her when they were abroad. Her friend pooh-poohed the idea. She said, "Hold on, Marie, until I can write you a part, and you will be set." Later, when she wrote Anne Christie for Greta Garbo, the part of the old boat woman was done with Marie Dressler in mind. Over night Miss Dressler became a Hollywood sensation. Those who had scoffed at the idea of giving her a real part, now fought for her services.

ALMOST concomitant with her great success and the attendant big money it brought, she knew that she was a victim of cancer and that her span of life would not be long. She signed her last big contract, knowing that the dread scourge would bring her agony and bitterness, yet she bravely carried on. In the last five years she made a fortune, but she never considered quitting. She, like so many laugh-makers, carried burdens under her sunny exterior. She knew almost no moments free from concern and worry. In her heart most of her years sorrow was a habitant.

She bought a beautiful home in Beverly Hills, where she enjoyed entertaining her friends. She was an excellent cook and often delighted her guests by herself concocting unusual dishes.

A short time ago she said, "I really didn't begin to live until I was 50. I honestly feel younger than I did at 25." She felt that middle age is the best part of life and expressed herself as sorry for the "middle-aged woman who feels that life is over for her and looks and acts accordingly."

Magazine Drive

SEPTEMBER 15TH TO OCTOBER 15TH

HOW will your stake stand October 15th when the drive closes? Knowing the efficient work done in past years and the remarkable results attained, we expect some outstanding subscription lists this season.

If you are delighted with your methods and your success, write and let us know. We shall be glad to let others know through the *Magazine* of the achievements of our stakes. It is stimulating to learn what others have accomplished.

Lesson Department

Theology and Testimony

(First Week in November)

ALLEGIANCE TO THE CHURCH

Ecclesiastical Authority. Outstanding among all the characteristics of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints is the claim that its authority to act in the name of God was received from heavenly personages empowered by the Messiah himself. A few other churches, including the Eastern Orthodox, the Roman Catholic, and the Episcopalian, assert that their authority comes from the apostles of Christ or through the bishops of Rome. Other churches claim authority through the Bible, others through the so-called vested rights of the individual, while many others claim no authority at all.

The Latter-day Saints assert that as early as 1829 John the Baptist appeared to Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery, and ordained them to the Aaronic Priesthood, and that a little later the Melchizedek Priesthood was restored through the angelic administration of Peter, James and John. Still later certain keys of the Priesthood were given by Elijah, Elias, Moses, and others. With the most painstaking care this authority to act in the name of God has been conferred by one individual to another until at present there are thousands within the Church who possess it, in various degrees and with various responsibilities.

The Priesthood is of such paramount importance to the Church that without it authority to act in the name of God would disappear, and the Church itself would be more or less indistinguishable from other ecclesiastical organizations. Indeed, if the Church were stripped of its Priesthood, there would be little excuse for its existence, other than for general moral purposes. The Latter-day Saints understand this, and therefore they regard the Priesthood as the choicest gift of God, indispensable not only to the Church but also to their own salvation.

Leaders Divinely Chosen. With reference to the authority of the Holy Priesthood, the apostle Paul said: "No man taketh this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron." (Hebrews 5:4) The manner in which Aaron was chosen is recorded in the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus, first verse. This is the word of the Lord to Moses, chosen by divine command as leader of the people: "Take thou unto thee Aaron thy brother, and his sons with him, from among the children of Israel, that he may minister unto me in the priest's office."

It is a doctrine of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints that its leaders are chosen by inspiration from God. Men of themselves do not possess sufficient wisdom to make the proper selection. Moreover, when men are thus chosen Deity will give with them his Spirit, and thus make them equal to every requirement exacted of them. If, however, men are self-appointed, they have claim to no such promise.

Voice of the People. The best regard which Deity has for his children is shown in the fact that the individuals selected by him to be

leaders must be acceptable to the people before they are called to preside. This was made known very early in the history of the Church, indeed, a few days preceding its organization. (See *Doc. and Cov.* 20: 63-67) When the Church was formally organized, April 6, 1830, Joseph called upon those present to know whether they were willing to sustain him and Oliver Cowdery as the presiding officers of the Church. It was not until after an affirmative vote was given that they were ordained to this position. (See *History of Church*, Vol. I, p. 77) That these men were called of God is shown by his own statement as follows: "There shall be a record kept among you; and in it thou shalt be called a seer, a translator, a prophet, an apostle of Jesus Christ, an elder of the Church through the will of God the Father, and the grace of your Lord Jesus Christ. * * * Wherefore it behooveth me that he should be ordained by you, Oliver Cowdery, mine apostle." (*Doc. and Cov.*, Section 21)

Following this practice, established and ordained of the Lord, the Latter-day Saints are now given frequent opportunities for expressing their approval or disapproval of their presiding officers. Votes are called for, not only when the leaders are selected, but at numerous times during their terms of office. The procedure is well known among the Latter-day Saints and therefore needs no description here. Thus an individual may attain leadership only after he is called of God, approved by the people, and duly set apart by those having the divine right so to do.

What Approval Entails. Approval of those selected of the Lord is far more than a perfunctory raising of the right hand. It is a solemn agreement with God, executed in the presence of the congregation. In its essential form the condition is this: Deity has selected an individual for a specific position, and has instructed that his choice be submitted to the people for their action. Thus when the member raises his hand in approval, he becomes a co-partner with God in his selection, and thereby tacitly agrees to do everything within his power for the success of the one thus mutually chosen. Moreover, this covenant is made in the presence of witnesses, both human and divine. Such a pledge cannot be broken or even regarded lightly with impunity.

The manner in which Deity respects appointments of this nature is well shown by his statement concerning the Prophet Joseph, as follows: "Wherefore, meaning the church, thou shalt give heed unto all his words and commandments, which he shall give unto you as he receiveth them, walking in all holiness before me; *for his word ye shall receive, as if from mine own mouth*, in all patience and faith." (*Doc. and Cov.* 21:4, 5) Again: "Whosoever receiveth my word receiveth me, and whosoever receiveth me receiveth those, the First Presidency, whom I have sent, whom I have made counselors for my name's sake unto you." (*Doc. and Cov.* 112: 20) Surely, when God respects his appointments in this manner, no doubt can exist concerning the responsibility of those who pledge themselves to support his selections.

Violation of the Covenant. Perhaps two things are chiefly responsible for the violation of this pledge, namely: (1) failure to understand its full import, and (2) widespread tendency to criticize the acts of others. The first can ordinarily be overcome by proper explanation; the second is more difficult to eradicate. The individual should not permit his

approval of Church leaders to become formal or perfunctory. This covenant should be made with full knowledge of its meaning and sanctity. When this is done it will seldom be violated. In the second case, there are some who appear to think that by criticizing others they may elevate themselves. Indeed, the spirit of criticism is an admission of supposed self-superiority. Humble people never engage in fault-finding: this is done only by those who are convinced of their own excellence. Criticism, such as this, is a mark of weakness, not of strength.

It should scarcely be expected that an individual can violate his covenant with God and remain immune to the consequences. Deity does not remain bound in such cases. God's promises to his children are predicated upon obedience. Here are his words: *"I, the Lord, am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise."* (*Doc. and Cov.* 82:10) Accordingly, when an individual covenants, with uplifted hand, to support those whom the Lord has chosen, and subsequently violates his agreement, he cannot hope to retain divine favor. It is not strange therefore than when an individual acquires the habit of criticizing Church authorities, the Spirit of the Lord is withdrawn from him, and if he does not reform, he will sooner or later lose his testimony of the truth. There is probably no surer way to lose interest in the Church than to criticize its leaders.

Duty of Parents. Parents can perform a great service to their children in this connection. Children should be taught the sanctity of the covenant involved in sustaining Church leaders. They should come to recognize this covenant as a privilege and an obligation—a privilege in joining with God in the selection of those who are to lead Israel, and an obligation to make the work of those thus selected most successful. They must come to know that they have no right to criticize, and if they do so, they have violated their agreement and grieved the Spirit of God. Perhaps most of all, parents themselves should never be guilty of fault-finding, for children learn even more quickly by example than by word. If parents deliberately planned to drive their children from the Church they could scarcely resort to a more effective measure than criticism of its leaders.

The Church President. The Lord has made it very clear that there is only one person upon the earth at a time who has the right to receive revelation for the guidance of the Church. Here are his words: "I have appointed unto my servant Joseph to hold this power in the last days, and there is never but one on the earth at a time on whom this power and the keys of this priesthood are conferred." (*Doc. and Cov.* 132:7+) The responsibility for the guidance of the Church thus rests upon the President, and not upon its individual members; they are given neither the power nor the responsibility. They have covenanted, however, to uphold the President and to sustain him in all his endeavors to promote the cause of righteousness. On the other hand, Deity will hold them responsible for this promise. He expects the members of the Church to receive the teachings of the President as if they came from his own mouth. (*Doc. and Cov.* 21:5) According to the teachings of the Latter-day Saints the President of the Church in this day holds the same power and responsibility as did the Prophet Joseph; and it accordingly behooves the members of the Church to give him the same respect and support. Noth-

ing less is acceptable to God. The members of the Church are required to give their allegiance not only to their President, but to every individual endowed with responsibility, from the greatest to the very least. Even the deacon who calls at the door must be treated with courtesy and respect. Every individual who is called to the work of Christ is entitled to the support of those with whom he is laboring.

Suggestions for Discussion and Review

1. Contrast the authority held by our church leaders with that held by the leaders of other religious denominations.

2. Why is it necessary in your judgment that Church leaders should be divinely chosen?

3. Why do you suppose that God requires Church leaders to be submitted to the vote of the people?

4. In what way does a member of the Church injure himself by criticizing his leaders? May he also injure others? How?

5. How can the Relief Society assist in promoting allegiance to the Church and to its leaders?

Teachers' Topic

HALLOWEEN

OCTOBER and Halloween, one suggests the other. Coming as it does the last night of October, preceding All Saints' Day, is reason for its name—All Hallow Even or Halloween. Like many other holidays it has been inherited from Pagan times.

In part it is survival of the ancient Briton autumn festival in honor of the Sun God, at which time bonfires were made by the Druids to show their appreciation for the harvest. They also believed that the Lord of Death gathered together the souls of those who had died within the year and because of their sins their souls had entered the bodies of animals. It is also a revival of the ancient Roman festival in honor of Pomona, the Goddess of fruit and flowers.

These two religious ceremonies have merged, however, into a more modern form and are celebrated at the time of year sacred to both. Although it is now far from the expression of thanks for the harvest, it is regarded by many as the time for those who lurk about in dark places to sally forth and give information to the living about love, marriage and death. It is also thought to be the night when witches, devils and all mischief-making beings are abroad; especially the fairies, it is said, hold their grand anniversary on that night.

Ancient Celts thought a great deal about death and life after death, so that in countries where their descendants live some superstitions prevail that the suffering departed souls are liberated from Purgatory and are free to visit their old homes or places of worship, and so everything is done to make them welcome and comfortable when they return.

In some countries Halloween still carries the religious sentiment that inspired its celebrations but in general it has gradually become one of the most frivolous and sportive of all holidays. Many of the customs and superstitions of ancient time have continued and are still used, such as ducking or bobbing for apples, roasting nuts, etc. The black cat, the white hare are companions of the

witches and are much evaded on that night.

To counteract the rowdyism and destruction of property that too often is perpetrated by those whose chief aim is to hang gates on telephone poles and ring fire alarms, such organizations as parent teachers, outing clubs, chamber of commerce, municipal recreation commission, have cooperated in different parts to celebrate whole-heartedly in a community way so that all may participate in legitimate stunts or pranks suitable to the occasion.

Since it is a holiday that children love, could not the Relief Society members help to encourage the use of good wholesome fun and entertainment and more home parties by way of celebrations and thereby decrease some of the delinquency among young people.

Literature

(For Third Week in November)

THE NOVEL A HUMAN DOCUMENT

"Man is his own star; and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light."

—*Emerson*

MAN'S spiritual quest through the ages has been to gain an understanding of the laws of life.

Man has learned that his greatest happiness lies in his own harmonious development. Slowly, very slowly, he learned that disobedience to moral law brings suffering and deeds done can never be undone. "Thou shalt not" of the Decalogue, the gift of the ancient Hebrew civilization to the world, announces no penalties, but its message to mankind is plain: Sin is the conscious, intentional violation of the laws of morality.

Universal experience is that which is the same for all men. The universal substance of literature from the abiding realm of human experience, the ideas, feelings, sympathies, emotions, and passions which move and inspire men's lives, brings to Man a deeper understanding of life.

An Universal Problem

"Man by suffering shall learn," the words of Aeschylus to the Greeks twenty-four centuries ago as they witnessed the drama "Agamemnon," recorded the truth that disobedience to moral law brings suffering. On an ancient Assyrian tablet recently discovered is recorded a single word, "Evil." The problem of human suffering and its source has been a baffling mystery to man in all ages. Job's impassioned answer to the friends who would have him confess his sins, because they were the cause of his suffering was, "The tents of the robbers prosper." The fact of a destructive force or evil at work in the world is well established.

The supreme tragedy of life is to be the victim of one's own acts. The tragic element in life as portrayed in art is of great significance. "The great periods of art, of literature, of painting, of architecture, were ages of faith when men looked about them with amazement and trembled before the splendor and mystery of the world." Tragedy as portrayed in drama and fiction is not an imita-

tion of men but of life. Aeschylus, the first Greek tragedian portrayed man in his relationship to God and Nature with the message, "If Nature has launched man on a sea of troubles she has given him strength to endure." Tragedy, then, is a way of thinking about life presented dramatically or in story form. The art of fiction has produced its greatest masterpieces thinking thus about life; "Anna Karenina," by Tolstoy, and "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne.

Hawthorne and "The Scarlet Letter"

"There are two representative works of American art which come as near perfection as, perhaps, it is granted man to bring his achievements. One is the mysterious figure by Augustus Saint-Gaudens, Grief, which keeps vigil at a woman's tomb in Washington. The other is the novel, *The Scarlet Letter.*"

Nathaniel Hawthorne was a descendant of a family that had settled in New England in 1630. New England life changed rapidly during the life of the author of "The Scarlet Letter." (1804-1864) The Puritan tradition, characterized by intense religious feeling, yielded to new economic, intellectual, and religious influences. The New England writers of this period, Longfellow, Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, and Holmes were part of the new spirit. Hawthorne, a child of solitude, was untouched by the new spirit; he was still part of the old Puritan tradition.

Nathaniel Hawthorne began early to walk arm in arm with solitude. Madame Hawthorne withdrew from the world at the death of her husband. In the shadowy house of the Hawthorne's the mother lived in retirement in her room. In another chamber her two daughters lived in retirement. And in another room a lame boy lingered, reading and thinking in silence. At the age of seventeen Nathaniel Hawthorne entered Bowdoin College. His college friends were Longfellow and Franklin Pierce (later President of the United States). The spiritual loneliness continued but the silence was broken when the Puritan laid bare his thoughts in the form of fiction.

The early literary works of Hawthorne were well received especially "Twice Told Tales." A clerical position in the custom office of the port of Boston helped the lean returns from the literary activity. Upon his marriage to Sophia Peabody, Hawthorne settled in the Old Manse at Concord, Massachusetts. "Mosses From An Old Manse," "The Scarlet Letter," "The House of Seven Gables," and "The Blithesdale Romance" are the chief literary products that followed. Recognition, national and international, was given generously to the author during his lifetime.

The novel, "The Scarlet Letter," has been placed by the most eminent literary critics of the century among the fifteen great novels of the world. As a great romance it stands apart in the realm of fiction. Hawthorne's idea of romance was "to dream strange things and make them look like truth." The moral nature of man was the intense interest of his entire life. Hawthorne and Tolstoy, the Russian novelist, are two great novelists of the human soul. The setting of the novel is Puritan New England. The idea of the novel, the brand of sin, was the result of a particular incident in its author's life. While employed at the Custom House, Boston, Hawthorne found a strange article among some old documents. It was the capital letter "A" made of scarlet cloth with traces of gold embroidery now greatly faded and frayed. One of the old documents told the story of the letter

and its wearer, Hester Prynne, a Puritan. The novel begins with tragedy, the sin has been committed. There is no condemnation. The tale moves on marking the processes of expiation until a triumph is reached, a deep abiding calm. The novel handling the most poignant problem in literature becomes almost sacred when dramatized. The literary method of the novel is one of the marvels of literature. There are but four characters: Hester Prynne, Pearl, Arthur Dimmesdale, and Roger Chillingworth. The tale moves along as a quiet unbroken melody. The outstanding quality of Hawthorne's literary art lies in its verbal richness "that yields echoes that linger in the ear; and wake old echoes in the brain." Few writers have attained such literary perfection and such a mastery of prose as Nathaniel Hawthorne.

"The Scarlet Letter"

ON an early summer morning nearly three centuries ago a throng of men and women crowded around the door of a prison in a small community in New England. The building, a blot on the escutcheon of the Puritan Utopia of New England was as ugly as the cause of its existence save for a rosebush that had grown up near the steps breathing a message of a divine Creator. The door opened and the warden emerged followed by Hester Prynne, a tall dark woman with classic features. On the breast of her gown was a scarlet letter "A" embroidered in gold thread. In her arms she carried a babe of three months. Hester was taken to the village square and placed on the public scaffold to receive her sentence. A thousand condemning eyes and bitter tongues added to her ignominy. The pastor of the community, Reverend Arthur Dimmesdale, noted for his eloquence and religious fervor was exhorted to obtain a confession from Hester. He pled for a confession, urging her to "Be not silent from any mistaken pity and tenderness for him. What can thy silence do for him except it tempt him to add hypocrisy to sin. Take heed how thou deniest to him—who, perchance hath not the courage to grasp it for himself—the bitter, but wholesome, cup that is now presented to thy lips." Hester answered him, "I will not speak." The sentence was given to continue to stand on the scaffold for three hours, to go back to the prison for a term, to wear the scarlet letter for the rest of her life.

Before Hester left the scaffold she saw on the outskirts of the crowd Roger Chillingworth, the man she had married in her native village in Old England. Fixing his gaze upon her the man, unknown to any person in the village, challenged her to secrecy. That night when back in the prison cell, Hester became seriously distraught through the events of the day. The jailer brought Roger Chillingworth, who was at the prison attending to the matter of his ransom from the Indians, to the hysterical woman. Alone with his patient he explained his appearance in the village. Sending Hester ahead of him to the new world he had arrived on a vessel to be immediately captured by the Indians. Now familiar with the properties of medicinal herbs and having a knowledge of physical science he was going to remain in the community as a physician. Hester admitted her wrong to her husband, but refused to reveal her partner's name. Chillingworth enjoined Hester to secrecy of their relationship, and announced his intention of finding the man who had wronged them both:

"Thou wilt not reveal his name? Not the less he is mine. He bears no letter

of infamy wrought into his garment, as thou dost, but I shall read it on his heart. Yet fear not for him! Think not that I shall interfere with Heaven's own method of retribution, or, to my own loss, betray him to the grip of human law. Let him live! Let him hide himself in outward honour, if he may! Not the less he shall be mine!"

Hester Prynne's term of confinement at an end, she went to live on the outskirts of the village. By degrees, the skill of her needlework became known, Hester was able to support herself and the baby, Pearl. All her superfluous means she used for charity. The little child was an elfish creature with strange fancies and a protesting conscience. To Hester she became a beneficent influence. Arthur Dimmesdale continued his work with redoubled zeal, growing in power and influence. In time the minister became ill; his form grew emaciated, he was often observed to put his hand over his heart, indicative of pain. Roger Chillingworth, now established as a physician, attached himself to the minister as his medical advisor. Later the two men lived together.

On an obscure night in May, Arthur Dimmesdale, suffering and spent, wandered to the village scaffold. As he stood alone where Hester had stood, a childish laugh pealed forth. Hester, accompanied by Pearl, was returning from Governor Winthrop's deathbed. "Come up hither, Hester, thou and little Pearl," said the minister. "Ye have both been here before, but I was not with you. Come up hither once again, and we will stand all three together." As all stood on the scaffold Pearl pointed her finger towards Roger Chillingworth who came forth and suggested that for the sake of his health Dimmesdale should go home at once.

Hester, shocked at the physical condition of Dimmesdale, knew him to be the victim of her husband's threat. Now she had a new source of anxiety. Strengthened by years of trial she felt stronger to cope with the diabolical Chillingworth who had wronged her. Meeting him on his way to the woods for herbs she begged him to refrain from the wicked torture of Dimmesdale, but in vain.

Pearl was now seven years of age. Many times of late she had asked her mother the meaning of the scarlet letter, and why she wore it. The words brought added suffering to the anxious Hester.

Hester decided to acquaint Dimmesdale with the plans of Chillingworth. Knowing that the minister was visiting some Indian converts she planned to meet him in the woods on his return journey. When the two met, Dimmesdale asked in despairing tones, "Hast thou found peace, Hester?" For the first time Hester was fully sensible of the deep injury for which she was responsible to this unhappy man in not protecting him from the malevolent Chillingworth. Sitting side by side on the trunk of a fallen tree they together met the gloomy future: There was an escape, the broad pathway of the sea to their native land. The broken spirit of Dimmesdale had not strength or courage to accept the plan. "Thou shalt not go alone," answered Hester. Little Pearl returning from her gambol in the woods was surprised at the minister's presence. Hester said, "Come thou and entreat his blessing. He loves thee, little Pearl, and loves thy mother, too. In the days to come he will walk hand in hand with us." The fateful interview came to a close.

A ray of sunshine, a glow of strange brightness came to the troubled heart of the minister as the next days passed. With anxiety he awaited word from Hester concerning the

precise time at which the vessel on which she was to make reservations would depart for a new land.

Again a crowd gathered in the market place of the New England village, it was the day on which the new Governor was to receive office. Hester and Pearl were in the crowd, Hester clad in sober gray, Pearl decked out in airy gaiety. The procession passed by to the meeting-house. The minister's sermon was a masterpiece of eloquence, breathing passion and pathos, and emotions high and tender. The voice of Arthur Dimmesdale held the audience spell-bound. To Hester it was the complaint of a human heart beseeching the great heart of mankind for its sympathy and forgiveness. As the crowd passed back to the market place the captain of the vessel on which Hester had booked passage announced that the old doctor would also be a passenger on the same vessel.

The procession reached the scaffold on its return journey. As the minister came opposite the weather-worn structure he saw Hester holding little Pearl by the hand. The minister paused, the procession moved to the music of a joyful melody. Turning towards the scaffold he stretched forth his arms. "Hester," said he, "come hither! Come my little Pearl! Come, Hester, come! Support me up yonder scaffold."

To the multitude he cried, "The scarlet letter Hester wears is but the shadow of what I wear on my breast. Tearing away his clothing he revealed a scarlet "A" glowing in the flesh above his heart. Sinking to the scaffold the dying man murmured, "I fear! God is merciful." Chillingworth, kneeling by the dying man, cried, "Thou hast escaped me."

Hester and Pearl left New England for a home abroad. Many years passed, a figure in grey wearing a scarlet letter on her breast, returned to the little cottage on the edge of the wood. When one day Hester was seen embroidering a baby gown of lavish richness, the sober-hued community awoke to Pearl's happiness in marriage, in a far away home.

"And, as Hester Prynne had no selfish ends, nor lived any measure for her own profit and enjoyment, people brought all their sorrows and perplexities, and besought her counsel, as one who had herself gone through a mighty trouble. Women, more especially—in the continually recurring trials of wounded, wasted, wronged, misplaced, or erring and sinful passion—or with the dreary burden of a heart unyielded, because unvalued and unsought—came to Hester's cottage, demanding why they were so wretched, and what the remedy! Hester comforted and counseled them as best she might."

Tolstoy and "Anna Karenina"

RUSSIAN fiction has been called "the best in the world." Leo Tolstoy, the giant of Russian literature, throughout his life was asking the eternal question "Why." An abnormal self-consciousness coupled with majestic intellectuality yielded little peace in his early manhood. With titanic effort this giant subdued body, mind, and spirit. At last came peace when from the wisdom of the ages he evolved for himself a creed: "Resist evil, Judge not, Be not angry, Love one woman." "War and Peace," one of Tolstoy's great works is a mighty panorama of human conflicts, sufferings, sacrifices, and a gallery of a thousand portraits. He has painted Russia with the artistry of a "Millett" portraying his beloved country as a veritable "Man With a Hoe."

Of Anna Karenina (ka ra ne na), which novel Arthur Symonds, the eminent English critic, places among the fifteen great novels of the world, William Lyon Phelps states, "I be-

lieve that the average man can learn more about life by reading this novel than he can by his own observation and experience."

Suggestions for Study

A. Materials:
   1. The Story of the World's Literature, Macy, Chapter 47.
   2. The Scarlet Letter, Hawthorne.
   3. Anna Karenina, Tolstoy.

B. Program:
   1. Reading:
      a. Short selection from "The Great Stone Face."
   2. Discussion:
      a. Hawthorne and the Puritan tradition.
      b. The Place of "The Scarlet Letter" in World Fiction.
   3. Review:
      a. "The Scarlet Letter" *or*
      b. "Anna Karenina."

C. Objective:
   This lesson is planned to give an understanding of the universal qualities of great literature.

Editor's Note: "Anna Karenina" may be substituted for "The Scarlet Letter." It is not intended that both novels shall be reviewed in detail.

Social Service

ELIZABETH GURNEY FRY AND PRISON REFORM

(For Fourth Week in November)

1. A Strange Prison Scene

ONE of the most dramatic scenes in the history of prison life is connected with the name of Elizabeth Gurney Fry, wife, mother, and prison reformer.

It was in Newgate Prison. Newgate was in London, England, and was built in the early thirteenth century and demolished in 1902. At the time of Mrs. Fry, however, it was at its height. The scene we are speaking of occurred in 1813, in that part of Newgate called the "Untried Female Ward."

Inside and outside, Newgate was a hideous place. Perhaps the inside was the worse. There were at this time three hundred and fifty women confined here, with about fifty children belonging to them. All were in filthy rags; they slept on the floor, without beds or bedding. In appearance they resembled savages. Food of a very poor sort was furnished by the government; and it played havoc with the children, who suffered and pined under the prison fare.

Connected with the prison, strange to say, was a bar, where the inmates might slake their thirst. Whenever these women could beg, borrow, or steal any money, they spent it either at the bar or in gambling. A new arrival with any money had to "stand treat." There was no one to keep order there but a man and a boy; for the warden, or jailer, never entered the place except when he had to. When visitors came to the grating, the women crowded near, to beg for money for drink. Later a double grating was provided, whereupon the women fastened wooden spoons on long sticks, which they thrust through to the spectators.

Says one of these spectators: "Thus they remained in an unchecked condition of idleness, riot, and vice of every description. The women of the lowest sort—the very scum both of the town and the country—filthy in person, disgusting in their habits, and ignorant, not only of religious truth, but of the most familiar duties of common life."

One day in January, 1813, four

women, all members of the Quaker faith, entered the prison, to see what they could do to help the prisoners. Some women were to be executed for crimes they had committed. It was a cold and bitter day, and the suffering of the women prisoners and the half-hundred children went to the hearts of these ladies. One of these was Elizabeth Fry. In her journal she says:

"Yesterday we were some hours with the poor female felons, attending to their outward necessities. Before we went away dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words of supplications, and very unexpectedly I did also. I heard weeping, and I thought they seemed much softened. A very solemn quiet was observed. It was a striking scene, the poor people on their knees round us in their very deplorable condition."

Mrs. Fry must have made an imposing figure, for she was tall, stately, elegant, full of fine womanly vigor, both of mind and body. She was thirty-three years old.

2. Details of Mrs. Fry's Life

Elizabeth Fry was born in 1780, and died in 1845. Her father, "a remarkably handsome man," was John Gurney; her mother, who was not considered at all intellectual, was Catherine Bell. The Gurneys were Quakers, but not "plain Quakers" —by which is meant, they did not dress in the peculiar garb of the Society and use "thee" and "thou" in their conversation.

Elizabeth, the "dove-like Betsy," says this of herself in her girlhood: "I believe I had a name only for being obstinate, for my nature had a strong tendency that way, and I was disposed to a spirit of contradiction, always ready to see things a little differently from others, and not willing to yield my sentiments to them." And here is the picture of Elizabeth's girlhood by her sister, Catherine:

"She had more genius than any one from her retiring disposition gave her credit for in her earlier days. She had tender feelings, especially towards her parents, to whom she was the most loving and obedient of any of their children. She was gentle in look and manner, and pleasing in person; though she had not Rachel's glowing beauty, yet some thought her quite attractive. She disliked learning languages, and was somewhat obstinate in her temper, except towards her mother.

"After we were left alone, her aversion to learning was a serious disadvantage to her; and though she was quick in natural talent, her education was very imperfect and deficient. Enterprise and benevolence were the two predominant features of her character, and wonderfully did these dispositions afterwards unfold under the influence of religion.

"In contemplating her remarkable and peculiar gifts, I am struck with the development of her character and the manner in which the qualities, considered faults when she was a child, became virtues, and proved in her case of the most important efficacy in her career of active service. Her natural timidity was, I think, in itself the means of acquiring the opposite virtue of courage, through the transforming power of the divine grace, which stamped the endowment in her with a holy moderation and nice discretion that never failed to direct it aright. Her natural obstinacy, the only failing in her temper as a child, became the finely-tempered decision and firmness which enabled her to execute her project for the good of others. What in her childhood was something like cunning, ripened into the most uncommon penetration, long-sightedness, and skill in influencing the minds of others.

"There was more timidity and scrupulousness in her early than in her mature religion, more of sectarian and peculiar view; but as her experimental knowledge of the gospel advanced, her sympathies became enlarged, and the line into which she was drawn by her public engagements taught her in the most noble and catholic spirit to acknowledge the truth under every form and modification. She became a living illustration of St. Paul's description of charity, few seeming to partake so abundantly of the glorious liberty of the children of God."

In her eighteenth year Elizabeth was converted to religion. Before

that she had taken religion rather lightly, disliking the meetings held in Goat's Lane. At one of these services the story of Abraham about to offer up his son as a sacrifice so horrified the girl that she thereafter dreaded to go to the place. But in her eighteenth year a Mr. William Savery, an American friend, visited the town. Mr. Savery had "an arresting voice." At one of the meetings where he preached Elizabeth was so deeply moved that she wept—an uncommon thing with her. At her request her father obtained an invitation for her to dine with the minister at her uncle's. On the way home afterward Betsy astonished the family by weeping all the way. The next day Mr. Savery ate dinner with the Gurneys, when he predicted "a high and important calling" for Elizabeth. "From that day," we are told, "her love of the world and of pleasure seemed gone."

It was after she had received these powerful impressions through religion that she went to London. She had given up dancing, much to the disappointment of her sisters, and devoted herself to a study of the Bible. Nothing her sisters could do was of any avail to get her to take up her old habits of thought and conduct. Yet when she went on a trip to London, she attended the theater, where she saw *Hamlet* and *Bluebeard* on the stage, and had her hair dressed, which made her "feel like a monkey." For a time also she became a "plain Quaker," and used "thee" and "thou" in her speech with others. Later, however, she "emancipated herself from these restrictions." About this time, when she went on a tour through England and Wales, with her family, she met Deborah Darley, a famous Friend, who prophesied that Elizabeth would be "a light to the blind, speech to the dumb, and feet to the lame." These words greatly influenced the young woman.

In August, 1800, she was married to Joseph Fry. She was then twenty years old. Fry, too, was a Friend, of good family, well-to-do till he lost everything shortly before his death, and an excellent linguist and musician. The young couple took up their residence at Plashet House. At first inclined to be "gay instead of plain and scrupulous," she easily fell in with the Quaker ways of the family.

She here formulated some rules of conduct, and adopted them. "First: Hast thou this day been honest and true in performing thy duties towards thy Creator in the first place, and, secondly, to thy fellow creatures, or hast thou been sophistical and flinched? Second: Hast thou been vigilant in frequently pausing in the hurry and career of the day, to see who thou art endeavoring to serve—thy Maker or thyself? And every time that trial and temptation assailed thee, didst thou endeavor to look steadily at the delivering Power, even to Christ, who can do all things for thee? Third: Hast thou endeavored to perform thy relative duties faithfully—been a tender, loving, yielding wife, where thy will and pleasure were concerned; a tender, yet steady mother with thy children, making thyself quickly and strictly obeyed, but careful what thou requirest of them; a kind yet honest mistress, telling thy servants of their faults when thou thinkest it for their or thy good, but never unnecessarily worrying thyself or them about trifles; and to every one endeavoring to do as thou wouldst be done by?"

3. John Howard and His Reforms

BAD as the prisons were in the time of Elizabeth Fry, they were worse in the preceding genera-

tion. This is incredible, but it is true. To the tireless and intelligent efforts of John Howard is due the slight improvement.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, when Howard first became interested in prison life, the officers of the prisons were dependent on the inmates for their fees. Many of those incarcerated were not guilty at all, for they had not even been tried. Others had been tried, but had not been found guilty. And still others were detained till they could find money with which to pay their fees!

On being made high sheriff of Bedford, Howard began an investigation of the prisons in his county. This done, he recommended to the authorities that the jailer be paid by the government, instead of from fees paid by the prisoners. They replied that there was no precedent for that; so he visited other prisons in England to find one, but in vain. He made a discovery, however, which resulted in the betterment of prison life, not only in his own county, but in all England. He learned that conditions were worse in other prisons than in his own. Thereupon he made a report to parliament. Almost immediately that law-making body acted. A law was passed (1) that fees be abolished, (2) that all those against whom charges had not been sustained by a jury be liberated, (3) that prisons be properly ventilated, (4) that medical advice and service be provided, and (5) that the walls and ceiling be whitewashed every year.

John Howard's life fell between the years 1726 and 1790. He was left a fortune by his father; hence he was able to devote his time to philanthropic work—which he did during his manhood down to old age. He traveled a great deal, not only in England, but on the continent, visiting prisons everywhere. And the response of the authorities throughout Britain was all that he could expect. Howard, like Mrs. Fry after him, was devoted to works of philanthropy, of which prisons generally became benefactors.

4. Results of Mrs. Fry's Work

PENOLOGY, as this phase of social theory and practice is called, has had four stages of development. First, the period in which the protection of society was the only consideration; second, that in which the possibilities of the prisoners came into the picture; third, that in which crime was regarded, to some extent, as a disease that might be cured, or prevented; and, fourth, that in which society was considered partly to blame for crime and criminals. All of these stages, with the possible exception of the third, are regarded as yielding the basic principles of our twentieth century prison reforms.

When Mrs. Fry left the Female Ward of Newgate, that January morning, it was to work out some remedial measures. Obviously she was not one of those persons who, when they feel sorry for any one, think they have done their full duty. She must *do* something. At once she put her finger on the weak spot in the prevailing system: the need for work for the women. "I soon found," she says, "that nothing could be done, or was worth attempting, for the reformation of the women, without constant employment."

Her first suggestion was to organize a committee for the purpose of planning this work; her second, that a matron be employed, who would agree not to leave the prison, day or night. A committee of twelve women, all Friends, was created, and a matron found, who answered to the qualifications set down. It was char-

acteristic of Mrs. Fry that she perfected her plans *before* she spoke to the governor of the prison. It was also characteristic of the men consulted—the governor and two sheriffs—that they doubted the workability of the plan. "Let the experiment be tried," said the tactful Mrs. Fry; "let the women be assembled in your presence, and if they will not consent to the strict observance of our rules, let the project be dropped." They consented.

Accordingly, on a Sunday afternoon, before the assembled women, she explained the following plan: (1) A matron was to have general supervision of the women; (2) the women were to engage in needlework, knitting, or any other suitable employment; (3) there was to be no begging, swearing, gaming, card-playing, quarreling, or universal conversation; (4) monitors were to see that the women came to work with clean hands and faces and that they remain quiet at their work; (5) at nine o'clock in the morning the women were to hear scripture-reading, either by a visitor or by the matron; (6) at six o'clock in the evening the women were to give their work to the matron; and (7) the matron was to keep an exact account of all work done by the women. To all this the women agreed. The officials were so astonished at the result that they thereafter made it a part of the prison plan. It was not long before a school for the prison children was established, which was taught by a young woman prisoner who had been a school teacher.

In 1818 Mrs. Fry was questioned in the House of Commons. There she gave her fundamental principles of prison reform. She wanted (1) a classification of all offenders according to age, sex, and the offence committed; (2) supervision of female prisoners by female officers; (3) a provision for self-respecting work for all prisoners; and (4) systematic instruction in religion. Nothing sounder than this has ever been suggested in social history.

Mrs. Fry extended her work to include help to those who were to be transported to Botany Bay, in Australia. Before her efforts these prisoners were riotous. Prior to leaving the prison they broke everything they could, and they went away shouting with the most hardened effrontery. Mrs. Fry changed all this. Through her influence on them they took an affectionate leave of those whom they knew, they expressed their gratitude to those who had helped them in any way, and they departed in such an orderly manner that fewer guards were required to accompany them to the boat.

Very naturally Mrs. Fry's work attracted wide attention. She became known throughout England and on the continent. She visited Scotland, Germany, France, Holland, and Denmark, where she studied prison life and where she was received with acclaim. As a direct consequence of her work seventeen associations by 1821 had been established for the improvement of female offenders in Great Britain, and four in Europe. She was far in advance of her time. Her policies of prison labor, of paying for prison work, of giving help to released prisoners, as well as of the education and training of prisoners, have yet to be adopted generally in our century. So, as a matter of sober fact, she is still ahead of the times in these respects.

Mrs. Fry, as we have said, was a married woman and a mother. Indeed, she was the mother of eleven children. Yet she found time to become one of the great prison re-

formers of the nineteenth century, a leader in prison reform. Women everywhere have reason to be proud of Mrs. Fry's contribution to human welfare. And they should take inspiration from the fact that a wife and the mother of eleven children became so useful a citizen of the world. Her policies are sound today, after more than a hundred years.

Questions

1. Are there provisions in your community for the employment of prisoners? If so, what are they?

2. In view of the fact that most prison inmates are, sooner or later, returned to society, what is the importance of fair and just treatment of them while in prison? Of their education and vocational training, from the viewpoint (a) of the prisoner himself and (b) of society?

3. What is the advantage of segregation of prisoners, as advocated by Mrs. Fry? Is there such a provision in your community?

4. Discuss the benefits of work for prisoners. What would be the advantages to the prisoners if they were paid for their work, as suggested by Mrs. Fry?

5. What were Mrs. Fry's four fundamental principles of prison reform as given to the House of Commons? Discuss the value of each. How many of these are in force in your State or country today?

Mission Lessons

LESSON II. HEALTH AND HOME NURSING

Sore Throat and the Common Cold

"Gold that buys health can never be ill spent."

Sore Throats

ANY part of the throat may become inflamed and necessarily sore, but that part of the throat which is most often involved is the Tonsils, located deep in the back of the throat, and sometimes difficult to see. They may be small and innocent-looking — no longer than the tip of the finger, or when the tongue is held down by the back of a spoon, they may appear to fill the whole throat. If red and angry in appearance, we say they are inflamed and the person has Tonsilitis. Indeed, they may look like big red strawberries—covered with small patches of white; not unlike the seeds of the berry. The inflammation in such tonsils is great and makes the person very sick. There is much aching and pain and curiously enough, it is often located in the spine or the arms, or legs—far away from the cause of the trouble. Fever, sore throat, headache, pain when swallowing, and loss of appetite complete the picture.

What body storms and tempests may follow repeated attacks of sore throat and how far-reaching are the results! The vitality is lowered—the individual feels tired all the time, irritable and unwell. In severe infections the kidneys suffer, the heart may become involved, and rheumatic troubles follow. Scientists that know, claim that more than one-half of the heart disease, two-thirds of the rheumatism and fully three-fourths of the deafness come from bad tonsils.

If a child has a running ear, look in his throat; if he complains of pain in his legs, look in his throat; if he is underweight, stomach upset, appetite gone, look in his throat. If he is behind in his school work, or sleeps with his mouth open, look to his throat. Nine times out of ten,

these troubles and disasters follow in the wake of infected tonsils. The treatment is direct and simple—Have the little desperadoes removed early, before too much damage is done. Unfortunately they cannot be removed while they are acutely inflamed and the delay is dangerous because it puts off indefinitely the operation. After they become once infected, their structure changes and from then on they become a detriment to good health.

Let us no longer say that our child is having one of his regular sore throats, and do nothing about it. Put him in bed, with an ice-cold towel around his neck, a laxative, a mild gargle and copious drinks of hot water, milk or lemonade. A hot foot bath is good. This treatment will contribute to his comfort and early recovery. Keep the family and visitors away, as sore throats are contagious. Bright children are often blamed for dullness because they cannot hear. And the cause of this beginning deafness may be due to neglected ears and throats. Indeed, it is estimated that the great majority of cases of deafness in adults, are caused by early, neglected, sore throats. It is well to remember in passing, that Diphtheria often begins as "just a sore throat," and any large patches of membrane, located anywhere in the throat should excite our suspicion. Diphtheria is no longer such a dreaded disease, because of the life-saving properties of antitoxin—which must be given early and always in generous doses. In all cases of sore throat, look in the throat, be sure of the trouble, but when in doubt call the Doctor, and call him early.

Common Cold

WE see that the health is frequently impaired by sore throats. Equal in importance but happily less frequent, are the disasters following the common cold.

Desipte all the progress made in medicine since the days of Pasteur, there remains much to be learned about the elusive common cold. No other disease causes such great economic loss to industry, so many absences from school and so many interruptions to normal life, as do colds. People having colds spread them—they spray the country-side far and wide with their sneezes and coughs, and there are always susceptible people at hand to get the disease. Age suffers, adults suffer, but the child suffers most of all. A cold in the head is a nuisance to the one who has it and a menace to his neighbors. It may even prepare the way for pneumonia or tuberculosis.

There are too many who believe that exposure to cold weather produces a cold; we learn from Arctic explorers, who have lived beyond the arctic circle, that only in the summer time, when the first steamer was able to get through the ice, with the mail and other luxuries of civilization, did the men suffer from colds. Men who work all winter in the northern lumber camps, exposed to all kinds of weather, are curiously enough, free from colds.

We know that over-heated and poorly ventilated dwellings make people very susceptible to colds.

Valuable investigations on the common cold have been made by physicians, both in Europe and America. The following facts have been established:

That colds are contagious—we catch our cold from someone else. Colds occur at all ages, but are most common in children and young adults.

Colds occur at all seasons of the year, but are most prevalent in the winter time. Rapid changes of temperature seem to have some influence on the number of colds.

When a person says he has a cold he may be suffering from any one of a half a dozen different diseases. The true common cold begins suddenly with profuse running of the nose, a watery discharge from the eyes, and is generally accompanied by much sneezing and fever. Muscular aching soon follows. The uncomplicated cold runs its course in three or four days, and at the end of that time the person should be well.

The most important measures in the treatment of cold are along preventive lines—and much can be done. The following should be remembered. Avoid physical and mental fatigue—get plenty of sleep and rest. Sleep with windows open. Keep the hands away from the mouth—wash them often, especially after hand-shaking — keep nails clean. Brush your teeth night and morning. Use your own towel and drinking glass. Kissing a person with a cold is always a good way to get into trouble, and should never be done.

There are some people who cannot stand drafts, and to the cold-susceptible individual, drafts and wet feet are to be avoided. Not that these alone will produce a cold, but they lower resistance, and the enemy takes possession. The forgotten overcoat and the lost rubbers and galoshes have done much to perpetuate the common cold. Sudden changes of temperatures are generally injurious to the body and from the over-heated home to the cold raw air without proper protection—change of clothing—increases susceptibility to cold.

Providing proper wash basins at Ward socials would encourage wash-hands before eating. Extreme cleanliness and proper disinfection of the sacrament service is imperative.

However different may be our ideas as to the cause of the common cold, medical men are agreed definitely as to the treatment. It is to be remembered that as colds are contagious naturally the first thing to do is to isolate the person with the cold, to keep him away from other members of the family, if possible, in a room by himself. It is very imperative that he be not permitted to go to school or to work. Long experience with the care of the common cold has definitely proven that it is best to go to bed and remain there, especially during the two or three days of the fever. Soft white rags that have been boiled or an ample supply of cleansing tissue, are more appropriate than handkerchiefs, for these can be burned, and it is very necessary that the patient cover the nose and mouth, especially while sneezing. Frequent drinks of lemonade, fruit juice, milk and soda water have been found to be beneficial. A mild laxative is helpful, and only a very light diet should be permitted.

Colds are often the beginning of other diseases, such as pneumonia and tuberculosis, and if the fever lasts longer than the third or fourth day, it is quite evident that the disease is no longer a common cold, but is rapidly developing into some other condition more serious, and it is very necessary to find out the reason why. Many contributions have been made in recent years, to our knowledge of the common cold, and among these is the vaccine treatment, which, in combination with other measures such as sanitation, diet, exercise, cod liver oil, and exposure to the sun's rays, will do much to make the susceptible individual freer from the tyranny of the common cold. It is recorded somewhere, "that it is not the number of years that pass over our heads, but rather the number of colds that pass through our heads, that make us old."

In Remembrance

By Hilma V. Goude

Dedicated to the memory of the first Relief Society held in Nauvoo, March 17, 1842

I would that I my voice could raise
And sing a song of love and praise
To the band of women, tried and true,
That met that day in old Nauvoo.

Methinks, I see them gathered there,
Some golden-locked, some with gray-
streak'd hair,
With willing hearts and eager minds,
They plan to aid all human kind.

And then I see a stalwart form,
Like a Rock of Shelter, in time of storm,
He speaks, and lo! the shackles fall
And crumble like a mouldering wall.

"I turn the keys and set you free,
Henceforth, an era new you'll see
Where womanhood shall honored be
And gain her rightful high degree."

Now many, many years have fled
And they lie numbered with the dead
But like a monument still stands
Their faith and works throughout the
lands.

So, may their memory ever live
And hope and courage to us give
That we, like they, our goal may win
And to His presence enter in.

Sunrise and Sunset

By Lettie B. H. Rich

I watched the sunrise this morning,
Coming up over the rim of the Earth,
Heralding forth a glorious day,
Smiling upon its birth.
Clouds of fleecy gold were drifting
In a sky of azure blue,
Changing to dainty pastel shades
Of every color and hue.

I watched the sunset this evening
Sink slowly into the West,
Another day was passing,
Lulling all nature to rest.
While gazing upon its beauty,
Its colors so brilliant and rare,
I was thankful for sunrise and sunset—
They lifted my soul in prayer.

Life's Jigsaw

By Ella J. Coulam

Our lives are jig-saw puzzles
And each one solves his own.
The pieces are the episodes
Where the deeds of life are shown.

Some are jagged and hard to fit
And others fall into line—
Just a mass of irregular pieces
We are trying to combine.

Youth is the back-ground of our picture—
The sun-rise of early morn;
Marred or beautified at our will
As each new deed is born.

The characters are the interest we show
And the goal we aim to meet,
Each searching for the key-piece
To make our lives complete.

To some, it is just contentment
And faith in God above.
Sometimes it is tolerance
To some—ambition or love.

Old age is the unity of parts
Which makes a work of art
If our key-piece is eternal love
From the fountain of our heart.

Gardens on the Roof

By Elizabeth Cannon Porter

A YOUNG business woman had for her particular "Castle in Spain" a garden in England. She wrote out a description of an English garden such as she wanted and placed it among her most precious papers in her bank vault.

Twenty years later she conceived the idea of making a miniature garden on the roof of a shed that her apartment opened out upon. With ingenuity and the expenditure of a small sum she evolved quite a lovely garden of rustic seats, gay striped awnings, potted trees and gaudy annuals.

It is a delightful place in which to spend an evening and look at the stars while she is waiting for her "garden in England" to materialize.

Some modernistic architects claim that the dwellings of the future like the office buildings now being built, will have flat roofs. Especially in a southern country can the roof tops be put to practical use. But they also say that snow packed on a flat roof helps to keep the house warm in more inclement climes.

MANY are the advantages of roof gardens. Where land is expensive and space at a premium, they double the utility of the land, allowing the same ground to be used for house and garden purposes.

They are economical, requiring a minimum of water, soil and foliage.

Picturesque and bizarre, they allow one to indulge a taste in Moorish tile, Italian statuary, French balustrades, or Indian pottery.

They offer privacy, in their serene heights, from the gaze of the passer-by.

They are singularly free from droughts and air currents. Also less infested by insects than the lower levels.

Being high above the surrounding foliage they offer uninterrupted views of mountains, desert, or sea,—as the case may be.

In short, they are delightful places in which to bask in the sun in the daytime, or view the stars at night!

They may be equipped with fountains or fireplaces, awnings or pergolas, tea tables for the ladies or sandpiles for the children.

Roofs have also been commandeered for millionaire penthouses, cabarets, summer theaters, dance halls, restaurants, lecture rooms, gymnasiums and conservatories.

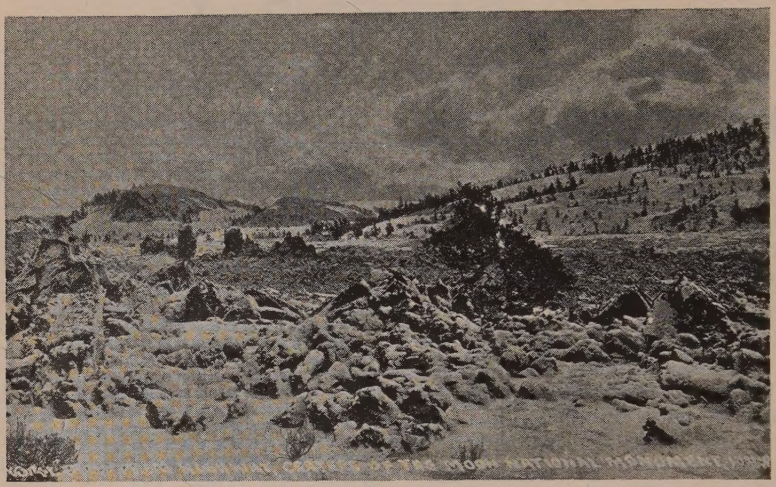
The futuristic building of a furniture store has a well-equipped model bungalow on its roof for demonstration purposes. A large department store has its plant nursery on the roof which is transformed into one vast garden. An apartment house which permits children has on its top a high-walled playground equipped with swings and slides.

Hospitals have long utilized roofs for sun-baths and promenades, besides sun parlors for babies.

Tenement roof tops are still decorated with clotheslines, but on other flat roofs one plays croquet and tennis. Miniature golf was said to have been started on a roof!

The shrines of Japan have been moved to the tops of tall buildings to protect them from earthquakes.

Besides, before long, people will need flat roofs on which to park the family airplane!



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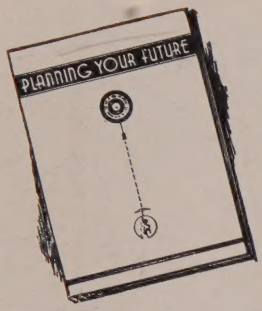

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